

From the Examiner.

THE PRESIDENTS OF FRANCE AND AMERICA.

To be pacific is as good a reason for French hostility as to be weak. Italy was so inviting that no wonder was excited at French invasion or French perfidy; but there is hardly an example in history of policy so blind and erroneous. Detested as the French always were by every other people, the Italians, always deceived by them, always plundered, always trampled on and cast off, continued to look toward them as protectors. Napoleon bartered Italy for a worthless wife; his nephew gives her up for an imperial crown under a papal consecration. He conciliated both Austria and Russia by abstaining from the consolidation of freedom throughout all the states of Europe, which might have been effected by the pressure of his foot, by only one step onward. And what has he gained by this alliance with despotism? The hatred of all free nations, the contempt even of the enslaved, not only of those who were reduced to this condition under his eye and his connivance, but also of the wretches born to servitude, the very nails and rivets of the chain that now encompasses the globe.

To what a height of glory might the President of France have attained if he had sprung up with her in her ascent toward freedom, if he had seconded and directed her energies, if he had abstained but from falsehood and fraud! History neither will nor can dissemble them; the eternal city bears the eternal testimony. The words of Mazzini are not the words of an angry zealot, but are registered in the archives of every honest heart. He accuses no man without the proof of all he utters; and there was a time when such an accusation, so confirmed, would have driven the delinquent beyond the pale of honorable men's society. A bold front and swaggering gait may reduce the cowardly to silence in presence of the ferocious; not an inch further. It has been tried of late against the Americans, and with what success! A receiver of stolen goods is defended in his roguery by a French envoy. The French envoy is requested by the American government to reconsider the propriety of his protection; the American government is answered with the same insolence as the Roman was on its calm and just expostulation. The matter was submitted by the American government to the French cabinet. The French cabinet defends at once both the insolence and the fraud. Passports are delivered to the envoy; he returns to France.

Arrogance is broken into foam when it dashes on the western shores of the Atlantic. America knows equally her interests and her dignity. Averse to war, averse to the politics of Europe, she is greatly more than a match against the united powers of that continent. France owes her money; and she

will have it, although, like many a civil suit, the contest may cost her greatly more than her demands. She is not to be shuffled off, or brought to a compromise, by a minor piece of trickery; the amount of money is not in question. The question is, whether the Americans are to be treated as ignominiously and superciliously as the Italians. At the head of the United States is a brave, a temperate, a sagacious man; no falsehood of word or deed could ever be objected to him. Americans, I hope, will pardon me in comparing their president (the indignity is unintentional) with the President of France. In one we behold the grave, sedate, veracious Englishman of England's commonwealth, animated not indeed by a better spirit, but a spirit moving over vast and discordant populations with strength to direct their energies and assign their courses; the other without any first principles, any determinate line of conduct, swearing to republicanism before the people, abjuring it before the priesthood, undermining it at home, battering it down abroad, delighted at transient cheers on a railroad, deaf to the distant voice of history, following his uncle where the way is tortuous, deviating where it is straight, and stopping in the midst of it to bow with equal obsequiousness to the heads of two religions. Symbolical of such a character is the tree of liberty; a tree unsound at root, shrivelled at top, shedding its leaves on the laborers who plant it, and concealing the nakedness of its branches in the flutter of the garlands that bedizen it.

Sometimes a preference makes poor amends for a comparison; but America will pardon me thus weighing a sound president against a hollow one. Temperate and strong as she is, she will treat arrogant petulance with calm derision. The resources of France, she well knows, are inadequate to set afloat, with soldiers and stores, any fleet that could make an impression. Her soldiers would find no field of operations, until by the humanity and munificence of their captors they should be employed in levelling the road to California. Beside, the Americans would rather see them perform an easier and more voluntary duty. Not only in common with the nations of Europe, but infinitely beyond them, those on the Atlantic see with abhorrence the wrongs and cruelties committed against the bravest and longest free of any on our continent. Europe and Asia rise up simultaneously from a deathlike lethargy, which long held both against more outrageous insolence, more unprovoked ferocity. The god of Mahomet is called the *Merciful*; and his worship is not the worship of lip or knee. Because the disciple of Mahomet is merciful to the follower of Christ, a Christian potentate threatens him with a war! America will not strike down the arm of France if she defends for once the cause of humanity and honor. From no sympathy will she

ever do it, but from jealousy lest England should become more popular and more powerful in the East.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Oct. 5.

From the Examiner, 13 Oct.

RUSSIA.

An eloquent and well-informed writer in the *Edinburgh Review* thus speculated, three months ago, on the possible triumph of Russian arms in Hungary:

If through Russian aid Austria be victorious, the last barrier is swept away from the road to Constantinople. Austria herself will, from that time forward, need the bayonets of the czar to keep down her discontented subjects, and must sink to the level of a secondary power. Its policy will be the policy of St. Petersburg; and the dream of a Panslavic empire will not end in the suppression of the "proud Magyars," but in the reduction of Eastern Europe into a Russian province. If history has meaning in it as well as words, we are not predicting without sufficient warrant. Russian protection and Russian intervention have for a century past been equally fatal. The poor ally *non equitem dorso, non frenum depulit ore*. "Where is Hamath and Arphad, Sepharvaim and Ivah?" was the question of the Babylonian envoy. What, with equal pertinence, we may ask, have been the fruits of Russian aid to Turkey and Persia, to Warsaw and Finland, in Asterabad and Bessarabia, and now in Moldavia and Wallachia? To all these lands its hatred has been dangerous, but its embrace deadly. Nor is Russian policy the work of a single man, or a single generation. Four sovereigns of the house of Romanoff have consistently walked in the same track. Yet it is not the policy of Catherine, of Paul, of Alexander, or of Nicholas, but of Russia. It bides its time; and the purpose of the fathers is accomplished by the third or fourth generation of the children. It employs, with equal readiness, fraud or force. Muscovite, Panslavism, and the Greek church, are as much its instruments as the gold of the Ural and the Cossack's lance. It proscribes at Warsaw, it bullies at Constantinople, it flatters France, and is coldly courteous to England. It has at once the versatility and fixedness which the ancients attributed to destiny—*πολλὸν ἐννομάτων μορφή μία*. Its journals and proclamations boast of its paternal sway and vigilance; while it peoples Siberia with the children of its victims, and fills their cities and homes with spies. It has a vulture's scent for the tainted portion of nations, and holds out every lure to the indolent, the venal, and the ambitious. Hardly ten years have elapsed since England encountered, in Central Asia, the intrigues of Russia. The Muscovite is now "stepping westward"—not with emissaries or protocols, but with "war in procinct," to subvert by its battalions that national independence by which Austrian arms and arts were equally discomfited. Austria, however, is at present merely a stage in the progress of Russia: the road to Constantinople is as direct by Vienna as by Bucharest.

That the overthrow of the Hungarians, and the consequent reduction of Austria to a state of utter dependence on Russia, would strengthen the czar in the traditional policy of the Russian cabinet, and enable him to carry out, with comparative

facility, long cherished designs against the independence and integrity of Turkey, is a truth we have repeatedly insisted on. No one acquainted with past history, or with the present condition of the Danubian populations, could resist this conviction. The scheme of the Austrian cabinet to consolidate a powerful empire, has been effected by means that bar the possibility of any such consolidation. Russian help has forever dislocated and disabled the Austrian empire, and the first important step has been taken to the humiliation and degradation of the Ottoman.

Kossuth has addressed a letter to Lord Palmerston from Widdin, calculated to strengthen the feeling of sympathy for the writer which we believe to exist very generally throughout England. It appears from this letter that the mission of Prince Radzivil, even though foiled in its thirst for blood, will not have been without one effect aimed at by its author, in exhibiting the weakness of the government of the sultan. The unconditional hospitality offered to the Hungarians before Radzivil's arrival was sought to be encumbered with disgraceful conditions immediately after his departure. The Turkish ministers, urged and threatened by a majority of the council under Russian influence, appear to have had no confidence in their power to protect the exiles but by inducing the latter to embrace Mahomedanism. This extraordinary proposal has accordingly been deliberately made; and in this state, for the present, the matter remains.

The following affecting passage occurs in Kossuth's letter:

What steps it may be expedient that you should take, what we have a right to expect from the well-known generosity of England, it would be hardly fitting for me to enter on. I place my own and my companions' fate in your hands, my lord, and in the name of humanity throw myself under the protection of England. Time presses—our doom may in a few days be sealed. Allow me to make an humble personal request. I am a man, my lord, prepared to face the worst; and I can die with a free look at heaven, as I have lived. But I am also, my lord, a husband, son, and father; my poor true-hearted wife, my children, and my noble old mother, are wandering about Hungary. They will probably soon fall into the hands of those Austrians who delight in torturing even feeble women, and with whom the innocence of childhood is no protection against persecutions. I conjure your excellency, in the name of the Most High, to put a stop to these cruelties by your powerful mediation, and especially to accord to my wife and children an asylum on the soil of the generous English people.

It is not long since the *Times* affected to disbelieve the wanton and barbarous cruelties here pointed at; and though, from day to day, it eagerly seizes on every apocryphal rumor that can damage the defeated patriots, it has omitted to protest against an act of fiendish barbarity recorded four days ago in its own columns, and which we believe to be without parallel in any civilized or uncivilized country. How striking is the simple

intensity of language in the letter recording this unparalleled act of shame!

Ruskby, September 18. I will narrate to you the fate of my family with calmness and composure, for my heart is become stone. In our neighborhood an army of Hungarians surrendered, 10,000 men with forty cannon. Two days later the Austrian troops entered our town. They consisted of a detachment of Lichtenstein light horse, commanded by Capt. Gräber, a native of Werschitz. It is possible that the great domestic happiness which I enjoyed may have stirred envy and gained me enemies in Ruskby, but of no other crime am I guilty. Two families, low and coarsely bred, — and —, set this captain on his horrible crime. I was torn from the arms of my husband, from the circle of my children, from the hallowed sanctuary of my home, charged with no offence, allowed no hearing, arraigned before no judge. I, a woman, wife, and mother, was in my own native town, before the people accustomed to treat me with respect, dragged into a square of soldiers, and there scourged with rods. Look, I can write this without dropping dead. But my husband killed himself. Robbed of all other weapons, he shot himself with a pocket pistol. A cry of horror filled the air. I was dragged further to Karansebes. The people rose, and would have killed those who instigated these horrors; but their lives were saved by the interference of the military. My eldest son was taken prisoner with the army of Görgey, and sent as a common soldier into Italy; and so is the measure of my grief full. Can you picture to yourself the state of my mind? You knew not my husband. I tell you that no nobler, more elevated, more adorable character, does or ever will exist. The productions of his intellect are known. He was the inventor of iron bridges. In him the world has sustained a great loss. My misfortune is boundless, and unexampled are the tortures which I have endured. My grief will be eternal. You will conceive that I can dwell on nothing but my sorrow. One only wish still keeps my body and soul together — to liberate my son. They have transported him to Gratz. If you have friends there, think of my poor boy of eighteen.

F. VON MADERSBACH.

The *Times* correspondent at first affected to doubt the authenticity of this letter, and said he could not find Ruskby marked in the map. No — but he might have found Ruskberg there, which the smallest modicum of knowledge of the country he so freely writes about would have served to identify. Ruskberg is not only to be found in common Austrian maps, (such as Artaria's,) but is even in the very small map prefixed to Mr. Paget's *Hungary*, and is observed at once to be not far distant from the Iron Gate pass, through which the high road from Karansebes, also mentioned by Madame Madersbach, conducts into Transylvania. The internal evidence of the letter is, alas! but too favorable to its truth. Ruskberg is celebrated for its iron works, which most travellers in Hungary have heard of, if they have not seen, and in connection with which the most distinguished firm of manufacturers was that of Hofmann and Madersbach. But there is nothing so easy as for "our Viennese correspondent" to dogmatize daily about the weal and woe of a nation, of which he

does not know the topography, much less the feelings and requirements.

Side by side with this damatory letter appeared the announcement that in Vienna alone, in one day, the sum of twenty-six millions had been subscribed towards the loan. We wish the Viennese joy of it, and honestly counsel the English to keep out of it. That is the sum of our philosophy in the matter, and all we think it needful to urge on the dispute still raging between Mr. Cobden and the *Times*. Before the orator of free trade published his letter, we had protested against all sympathy with any adventurous capitalist in this loan, either here or abroad, who should subsequently find his interest reduced to one half, or (by some alteration in the currency) his capital reduced to one fifth, or should be victimized by any of the pleasing varieties that have hitherto distinguished the numerous national bankruptcies of Austria. We were happy to find Mr. Cobden wisely adopting the same tone at Monday's meeting. He did good service by his happy exposure of Austrian beggary and knavery; and if any one wants to complete the picture, he has but to turn to the account which Mr. Paget gave, ten years ago, of the conduct of Austria at the close of the war against Bonaparte, when her treasures had been exhausted, her resources dried up, and her credit ruined. There was one honest course left to her, yet she preferred committing the greatest of political frauds. She reduced the value of her paper money successively from 100 to 20, and from 20 to 8! so that a person who possessed a hundred florins in 1811, found himself, in 1813, in every part of the Austrian dominions, worth exactly eight! With the same proportionate diminution, all contracts, loans, trusts, and debts were paid off; and the consequent confusion and misery may be imagined. "Had the spirit of evil," says Mr. Paget, "sought by one act to demoralize a whole people, his ingenuity could scarcely have found a more happy means of accomplishing his object than this master-stroke of policy of the Austrian financier."

Let every subscriber to the present loan be warned that he is, in all human probability, contributing to another such act of national infamy, not a little of the misery of which will fall to his own share. He has already the comfort of reflecting that, whatever may turn out in that respect, he has proclaimed himself the fast and friendly ally of the Haynaus and the Gräbers — floggers of unoffending women, gaolers of girls and children, butchers of gallant and unfortunate men.

The *Times* tells us that the czar is retracing his steps, and that there will be no war for the present. We never thought there would be. If he had resolved to persist in his arrogant and iniquitous demand, after England and (however lukewarmly) France declared against it, we should believe his intellect to have been affected by the progress of his Hungarian campaign, and that he attributes to his own superior intelligence and his "mission," that success which only by the follies and vices of despotic governments, and by intrigues

which have paralyzed his opponents in constitutional countries, he has been enabled to obtain. The time is yet to come when, in the full and impious confidence that no earthly power is capable of withstanding him, he will rush headlong to his own destruction.

No—there will be no war just now. Turkey needs no colossal assistance to turn the scale in her favor. She can do without France this time. No one knows better than the czar how necessary it is for him to limit his enterprises to those objects for which he may reasonably calculate no more than one campaign to be necessary. Austria, in her present condition, can give him no help to the dismemberment of the Turkish empire. So he will make a virtue of necessity, offer professions of magnanimous moderation, and save us from the horrors of war. He has succeeded, nevertheless, in two objects he has much at heart. He has displayed the weakness of the Turkish government, and (if it be true, as the *Times* announces, that France is “disposed, at any price, to avoid a rupture with the Northern Powers”) he has lowered the pride of Frenchmen to a possible acquiescence in the future scheme of a Protectorate designed for Eastern Europe.

From the Examiner, 13th Oct.

FRANCE AND THE ROMAN QUESTION.

THERE is no explaining the policy recommended, and the sentiments expressed, by eminent and influential French statesmen on the questions of Rome and of Italy, without coming to the conclusion that they consider it the interest of France that Italy should *not* be pacified. To establish a good, wise, and well-working constitutional government in Central Italy, would form a kind of a star for the rest of Italy to gaze at and admire; and by and by this would form a nucleus to attract the rest, and around which they might rally.

It is much to be feared that the French, not indeed the nation, which is generous and liberal, but their politicians, who are quite the contrary, do not want to see the Italians enjoying freedom and good government without French aid and protection. Italy is looked on by French statesmen as their appanage, or domain, where wealth, influence, and honor are to be won. All want to play benefactor towards it, and fight for it in order to dominate it. But of an Italy setting up for itself, the French have no idea. They abhor Mazzini quite as much as they do Radetski. Both are equally the enemies of French supremacy in Italy.

After all, the Italians would not be so angry with the French if they had the courage proportionate to their pretensions, and if, determined to dominate Italy, they would really have the courage to conquer it. But, like the dog in the manger, the French will neither take Italy itself, nor let the Italians have it themselves.

If ever there was an act unwarrantable, inglo-

rious, and mean, it was the French expedition to Rome. And yet M. Thiers likens it to the feats of Arcole and of Lodi! There needs no further proof of how completely the French Moderates are lost to sentiments of either truth or decorum, when M. Thiers could give utterance to such a flagrant, such a comical absurdity. It displays, indeed, an utter contempt for the people and for the Assembly, when any one, even M. Thiers, can dare to come forward and plead that the expedition to Rome has reaped such an immense crop of glory, that there is no need whatever of looking for any more solid advantages from it, for either French character or Roman freedom.

The nonsense of this is so complete, so entirely transparent for even the most simple not to see through, that it is impossible not to suppose it to be the aim of the French to allow the Pope to restore his old stupid despotism, by the side of similarly stupid despotisms in Naples and in Lombardy, in order to leave the foundation, or to create facilities for a future French regeneration and conquest of the country. In fact, what the short-sighted politicians of France and Austria both require, is a divided, disturbed, and oppressed Italy—an Italy which shall be available as a field of battle for the future campaigns of either diplomacy or armies.

It is greatly to be wished that the liberal French would see through this, and denounce it as clearly as the Italians must discern it. In the hearts of the latter it cannot fail to produce a horror of the French name. The liberals of the Paris Assembly, however, see nothing in such manœuvres but a love of military discipline; whilst the French ministerialists see in such denunciation nothing but a patronizing of republicanism and disorder. In fact, these two miserable French parties have so blinded each other's opinions on all subjects, that they have lost every genuine sentiment of liberty, of true pride, or even of just decorum. Oudinot compared to Napoleon, and the sapping of the Porte St. Pancrazio to Lodi!—and this by the great historian of the great revolution!

From the Examiner.

Kavanagh; a Tale. By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. Boston, 1849.

Evangeline; a Tale of Acadie. By H. W. LONGFELLOW. Boston, 1848.

ONE source of the pleasure derived from the perusal of Mr. Longfellow's writings is the quiet truth of their local coloring. In the writings of some of his countrymen we detect a continuous and painful effort to be *American*. Mr. Longfellow, on the contrary, is contented to be what nature made him. And hence the impressions and modes of thought unconsciously received from the scenery and society amid which his mind has formed itself, reveal themselves with equal unconsciousness. Mr. Longfellow delineates American life with singular felicity.

This is in itself no slight recommendation of works of fiction. The Spanish character of the writings of Cervantes, the English of De Foe's, constitute not the least of their charms. Mr. Longfellow's are also imbued with higher than merely local qualities. To a quick perception of the beautiful, graceful, and tender, he unites a true imagination, a familiarity with the literature of many languages, and a soundness of judgment which corrects and applies these qualities with admirable taste. He has patiently and sedulously cultivated all his talents. He is a ripe scholar and a careful observer of nature. Like many of his countrymen he has studied with profit in the school of Germany, yet without impairing his nationality. His turn of mind is original, while yet we can trace in it the suggestive influence of the great intellects of Germany. In *Kavanagh* Mr. Longfellow observes and delineates the every day life of New England in a spirit akin to that of Jean Paul Richter. In *Evangeline* we have a purely American idyl not undeserving to take its place beside the *Dorothea* of Göthe.

Kavanagh is essentially Richterish, yet with a difference. The sharpness of touch, the incessant revelations of stoical character which break through the fantastic waywardness of Richter, are not here. On the other hand, it has nothing of the conscious effort which sometimes characterizes Richter's wit; nothing of the indulgence in sheer dirt which he mingles so harshly with passages of dreaming, ethereal purity.

Perhaps the marking features of a generally educated society cannot be adequately portrayed but by that constant antithesis of poetical imagination and grotesque commonplace in which Richter and Longfellow so delight to revel. The imaginative and the practical parts of our nature, so inextricably intertwined in the men of former generations, have been disentangled in the men of the present. Every educated man (or woman) lives now-a-days alternately in two entirely dissimilar worlds. There is the monotonous, uneventful real world, in which he discharges family and social duties, and pursues an industrial calling, under the ægis of the police; and there is the ideal world of books and art, in which his higher faculties find the nutriment denied them in actual life. This temporary divorce of the real and the imaginative marks a stage in human progress; but they are severed only to be reunited when a greater advance has been made. The present stage is an unsatisfactory one, both in the comfort of the individual and the capabilities of society, as a subject for artistical treatment. Actual life, with the element of romance expelled, is dull and depressing; imagination, harshly separated from the real world, is apt to become feeble and fantastic. But since it is so, we must be content; and the poet, whom, as it has been said of the poor, "we shall have always with us," must make the most of the materials offered to him in the best way he can. In these facts we trace the origin, and find the vindication, of that class of prose fictions of which Richter's and Longfellow's are examples.

The scene of *Kavanagh* is a New England village in the process of becoming a railway town. The principal characters are the schoolmaster, with his wife and children; an old clergyman, unceremoniously cashiered by his parishioners; his successor, Kavanagh himself; the district judge and his daughter; the butcher, the mercer, the bird-fancier, and other notables of the village. Individual peculiarities are happily hit off. The old clergyman, whose delight it is to expatiate on the Zumzummins, and go at large into the bloodiest campaigns of the ancient Hebrews; and the butcher, whose office it is to supply the village with fresh provisions, and weigh all the babies, who rejoices in a fresh, rosy complexion and an exceedingly white frock every Monday morning, and who has lately married a milliner in the "Dunstable and eleven-braid" line, and made his marriage jaunt to a neighboring town to see a man hanged for murdering his wife; are placed very visibly before us. Nor less distinct is the truculent son of the latter worthy dismissed from school for playing truant, who, when his mother would frighten him into good behavior by telling him that the boys who know the dead languages will throw stones at him in the street, imperturbably replies, "he should like to see them try it." Equally vivid is our vision of Miss Sally Manchester, excellent chambermaid and bad cook, with a temper like "a pleasant saw," and her large pink bow on "the congregation side" of her Sunday bonnet. The monotonous progress of this well-regulated society is skilfully indicated, while its somewhat dull ground is pleasantly relieved by the reveries and aspirations of the educated and refined characters, and by the beauty of the physical nature which surrounds them, seen through their animated perceptions of it. Mr. Churchill, whom nature meant for a poet, but destiny made a schoolmaster, with his projected romance, which at the end as at the beginning of the book has still to be begun, is as full of fancies, edifying and delectable, as the melancholy Jacques. The more energetic will of Kavanagh imparts a more substantial character to the imaginative portion of his life.

Let us add that Mr. Longfellow, while following out pretty closely the objects of his fiction, has not confined himself to tracing the characters of men whose sober judgment teaches them instinctively to acquiesce in the present separation of man's life into two imperfect lives. In the brief glimpse afforded us of the Millerites and their camp meetings, we have a powerful picture of the fatal precipitateness with which fiery and uninstructed spirits seek to hasten that reunion of the imaginative and actual which must be left to come in the good time of Providence. We are also forcibly reminded by the beautiful picture of Alice Archer, that the throes of passion are as tumultuous and death-fraught beneath the imperturbable surface of orderly society, as when they were freely given to view in times of less self-constraint. The most terrible of tragedies, after all, is when men, aware of their impending fate, are hurried helplessly to

destruction in a ship over which they have no governance, and where there is nothing for them but to await death in resignation or despair.

The theme of *Evangeline* neither calls for nor admits the play of fancy which the contrast between the meditative and active existence of men in actual society forces upon Mr. Longfellow in *Kavanagh*. It is a tale of simple earnestness, very graceful, and amid its unexaggerated truthfulness animated by a tranquil and lofty spirit of endurance. The story is of a betrothed and her bridegroom, separated on the eve of their marriage, only to be reunited in extreme old age at the death-bed of the bridegroom. The story was suggested by the expulsion of the neutral French from the province of Acadia by the British government at the close of the war of succession. The transference of the exiles to other regions was effected with such reckless precipitance that many families were scattered, never to meet again. On this hint Mr. Longfellow's imagination has bodied forth the bride and bridegroom wasting their lives in mutual searches after each other. The story is told in unrhymed hexameters, a style of versification happily adapted to a narrative in which suspense and expectation are the predominant emotions. The opening sketch of the tranquil and happy lives of the French Acadians on the gulf of Minas is truly idyllic. The death of the stout old farmer in the arms of his bereaved daughter, on the eve of embarkation, and in the presence of the burning village, is strikingly tragic. The interest in *Evangeline*, throughout her devious, life-prolonged search, is kept up without intermission; and what is painful in the theme is relieved by beautiful sketches of the scenery of the south-western waters, and the busy lives of their inhabitants. But still more is it relieved by the atmosphere of patient resignation, and religious reliance, which pervades all places through which the tender vision of *Evangeline* passes. And the end of the much-enduring woman, as of her more tempest-tossed lover, is peace. The happy and varied imagery of the poem is throughout instinct with that higher spirit which can impart a sad pleasure even to the deepest tragedy.

One reflection we must add, upon the strong resemblances in New England life and society, to that which is found in Old England. The differences are many, but they are accidental and superficial. At bottom the men of New England are Englishmen still. In every English village (as Miss Mitford could tell) we might find counterparts to the prominent characters of Fairfield. Their daily avocations, their occasional pleasures, are in the main the same. Their morals, their weaknesses, are akin. English parishioners cannot so unceremoniously rid themselves of a dull clergyman; but with this difference, they have their ecclesiastical bickerings all the same as at Fairfield. The pleasant picnic party at "Roaring Brook" is not without as pleasant counterparts here. Both in New and Old England the divided lives of the same men, in an ideal and real world, form one of the characteristics of the age. And

if not in England, assuredly on the north of the Tweed, we could find kindred spirits to Hester Green's minister, who asked her, the day after the ball, "if she did not feel the fire of a certain place growing hot under her feet while she was dancing?"

The reader will thank us for the extracts we subjoin.

BENEDICT BELLEFONTAINE AND HIS DAUGHTER.

Stalworth and stately in form was the man of seventy winters;
 Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with snow-flakes;
 White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as brown as the oak leaves.
 Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers.
 Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the way-side,
 Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of her tresses!
 Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed in the meadows.
 When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at noontide
 Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah! fair in sooth was the maiden.
 Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the bell from its turret
 Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with his hyssop
 Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings upon them,
 Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet of beads and her missal,
 Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle of blue, and the ear-rings,
 Brought in the olden time from France, and since, as an heirloom,
 Handed down from mother to child, through long generations.
 But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal beauty—Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after confession,
 Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her.
 When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.

EXILES ON THE WATERS OF THE WEST.

They, too, swerved from their course; and, entering the Bayou of Plaquemine,
 Soon were lost in a maze of sluggish and devious waters,
 Which, like a network of steel, extended in every direction.
 Over their heads the towering and tenebrous boughs of the cypress
 Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in mid air
 Waved like banners that hang on the walls of ancient cathedrals.
 Deathlike the silence seemed, and unbroken, save by the herons
 Home to their roosts in the cedar-trees returning at sunset,
 Or by the owl, as he greeted the moon with demoniac laughter.
 Lovely the moonlight was as it glanced and gleamed on the water,
 Gleamed on the columns of cypress and cedar sustaining the arches,

Down through whose broken vaults it fell as
 through chinks in a ruin.
 Dreamlike and indistinct, and strange were all
 things around them ;
 And o'er their spirits there came a feeling of wonder
 and sadness—
 Strange forebodings of ill, unseen and that cannot
 be compassed.
 As, at the tramp of a horse's hoof on the turf of the
 prairies,
 Far in advance are closed the leaves of the shrink-
 ing mimosa,
 So, at the hoof-beats of fate, with sad forebodings
 of evil,
 Shrinks and closes the heart, ere the stroke of
 doom has attained it.

THE SCHOOLMASTER LET LOOSE.

Great men stand like solitary towers in the city
 of God, and secret passages running deep beneath
 external nature give their thoughts intercourse
 with higher intelligences, which strengthens and
 consoles them, and of which the laborers on the
 surface do not even dream !

Some such thought as this was floating vaguely
 through the brain of Mr. Churchill, as he closed
 his school-house door behind him ; and if in any
 degree he applied it to himself, it may perhaps be
 pardoned in a dreamy, poetic man like him ; for
 we judge ourselves by what we feel capable of
 doing, while others judge us by what we have
 already done. And moreover, his wife considered
 him equal to great things. To the people in the
 village he was the schoolmaster, and nothing more.
 They beheld in his form and countenance no out-
 ward sign of the divinity within. They saw him
 daily moiling and delving in the common path, like
 a beetle, and little thought that underneath that
 hard and cold exterior, lay folded delicate golden
 wings, wherewith, when the heat of day was over,
 he soared and revelled in the pleasant evening air.

To-day he was soaring and revelling before the
 sun had set ; for it was Saturday. With a feeling
 of infinite relief he left behind him the empty
 school-house, into which the hot sun of a Septem-
 ber afternoon was pouring. All the bright young
 faces were gone ; all the impatient little hearts
 were gone ; all the fresh voices, shrill, but musical
 with the melody of childhood, were gone ; and the
 lately busy realm was given up to silence, and the
 dusty sunshine, and the old gray flies that buzzed
 and bumped their heads against the window-panes.
 The sound of the outer door, creaking on his heb-
 domadal hinges, was like a sentinel's challenge, to
 which the key growled responsive in the lock ; and
 the master, casting a furtive glance at the last car-
 icature of himself in red chalk on the wooden fence
 close by, entered with a light step the solemn
 avenue of pines that led to the margin of the river.

PROSE EPIGRAMS.

Morality, without religion, is only a kind of
 dead-reckoning—an endeavor to find our place on a
 cloudy sea by measuring the distance we have run,
 but without any observation of the heavenly bodies.

Many readers judge of the power of a book by
 the shock it gives their feelings—as some savage
 tribes determine the power of muskets by their
 recoil ; that being considered best which fairly
 prostrates the purchaser.

Men of genius are often dull and inert in society ;
 as the blazing meteor, when it descends to earth,
 is only a stone.

The natural alone is permanent. Fantastic idols
 may be worshipped for a while ; but at length they
 are overturned by the continual and silent progress
 of truth, as the grim statues of Copan have been
 pushed from their pedestals by the growth of
 forest-trees, whose seeds were sown by the wind in
 the ruined walls.

The every-day cares and duties, which men call
 drudgery, are the weights and counterpoises of the
 clock of time, giving its pendulum a true vibration,
 and its hands a regular motion ; and when they
 cease to hang upon the wheels, the pendulum no
 longer swings, the hands no longer move, the clock
 stands still.

IRISH TEMPERANCE HYMN.

THE following verses, under the title of "Cur-
 tain the Lamp," appeared in the last number of
 the Nation.

Curtain the lamp, and bury the bowl,
 The ban is on drinking ;
 Reason shall reign the Queen of the Soul
 When the spirits are sinking.
 Chained lies the demon that smote with blight,
 Men's morals and barrels ;
 Then hail to health, and a long good night
 To old wine and new quarrels !

Nights shall descend, and no taverns ring
 To the roar of our revels ;
 Mornings shall dawn, but none of them bring
 White lips and blue devils.
 Riot and frenzy sleep with remorse
 In the obsolete potion,
 And mind grows calm as a ship on her course
 O'er the level of ocean.

So should it be ! for man's world of romance
 Is fast disappearing,
 And shadows of changes are seen in advance,
 Whose epochs are nearing.
 And the days are at hand when the best shall re-
 quire
 All means of salvation ;
 And the souls of men shall be tried in the fire
 Of the final probation !

And the witting no longer or sneers or smiles—
 And the worldling dissembles,
 And the blank-hearted sceptic feels anxious at whites
 And marvels and trembles ;
 And fear and defiance are blent in the jest
 Of the blind self-deceiver ;
 But hope bounds high in the joyous breast
 Of the childlike believer !

Darken the lamp, then, and shatter the bowl,
 Ye faithfullest-hearted ;
 And as your swift years travel on to the goal,
 Whither worlds have departed,
 Spend labor, life, soul, in your zeal to atone
 For the past and its errors.
 So best shall you bear to encounter alone,
 The EVENT ! and its terrors.

From *Tait's Magazine*.

THERE AND BACK AGAIN.

BY JAMES AUGUSTUS ST. JOHN,

Author of "History of the Manners and Customs of Ancient Greece," "Margaret Ravenscroft," "Egypt and Mohammed Ali," &c. &c.

CHAPTER I.—THE DEPARTURE.

THERE AND BACK AGAIN! Will you accompany me, reader? If you do, we shall converse by the way on many subjects besides the picturesque. The journey altogether was a strange one for me, because, not having been a great traveller, I had not, and, indeed, have not yet, learned to view men and countries as commonplace because many other persons before me had beheld them. In moving about the world, it is not always what we see, but what we feel, that is productive of most delight both to ourselves and others. Nature supplies the canvas, but we must bring along with us the colors, if we would call into being an original or even a true picture—true, I mean, for all those who have the same organization and sympathies with us.

Every man has his own peculiar motives for travelling, and, therefore, of course, I had mine; though you will probably become incredulous when I endeavor to explain what they were. It was not to behold lakes, glaciers, and mountains whose heads touch heaven, that I had come into Switzerland; it was not in search of poetical or other inspiration; neither, being perfectly well, was it with any view of improving my health, or acquiring animal spirits, with which, at the time, I was literally overflowing. I had come purely out of love for the memory of Jean Jacques Rousseau, and that I might stroll about at my ease over the scene of the *Nouvelle Heloise*. But why was the memory of Rousseau dear to me? Probably some one had breathed it into my ears before the dawn of memory, and rendered it familiar to me in that period of life when to be familiar is always to be loved. The day on which I first became acquainted with his writings I remember most distinctly. It was in the midst of summer, when July had covered all the roads, and sprinkled all the bushes in their vicinity, with dust. A cousin, who lived some five or six miles off, had just written to me, to say that he had got a copy of the "Confessions," which, if I would fetch them, he would lend to me. I started early, with one of my sisters as a companion, all the way amusing myself with imagining what manner of things those "Confessions" could be. We walked through shady lanes, over meadows strewn with wild flowers, crossing many a brook by the aid of a plank or small rustic bridge, and at length reached the house in which the treasure lay. All else connected with this circumstance has faded from my memory but the book and my sister, and the way in which I read as we returned home. I sat on stiles, I reclined on green banks, beneath the chequered shade of oaks and elms; I devoured the "Confessions." The names of

Geneva and Chamberi, and Madame de Warrens and Claude Anet, became engraven ineffaceably on my mind; and with the whole, the dust, sunshine, green meadows, shady groves, sparkling streams, and melting heat of July, were inextricably associated.

From that time to the present, Rousseau and I have been on good terms. The objections commonly made to him by others have little weight with me. Perhaps, indeed, the facts which provoke their anathemas constitute the principal reason of my preference, namely, that he was the great apostle and father of the revolution, that he wrote the "*Contrat Sociale*," and disturbed the political creed of all noble and imaginative minds throughout Europe. Let those persons who are really wise take all due credit for it. I make no pretensions of that sort. I came to Switzerland, as I have said, out of partiality for Jean Jacques Rousseau, fully expecting to find at Vevay and Clarens the representatives, in feature and figure at least, of Julie and Claire.

We used—my wife and I—to discuss these matters seriously, because it was a rule with us never to remain long in any place where the women were other than handsome, or at least tolerably pretty. This may be set down to our love for the picturesque; for, after all, there is no combination of earth, wood, and water, which can claim to be regarded as half so beautiful as a beautiful woman. Lakes are very magnificent, and so are forests and mountains; but if, with Milton, we were deprived of the power of beholding external things, it is the human face divine that we should most earnestly desire to look upon again. Neither sun, nor moon, nor day, nor night, would awaken within us regrets so poignant as the faces of dear friends now for us blotted out forever from the aspect of nature.

Ever since our passage of the Jura, I had been visited by the suspicion that we had got among an inferior race of human beings. France, heaven knows, is not remarkable for female beauty, and yet one does occasionally in that country see lovely faces and bright eyes flitting by one, especially in Normandy, and certain provinces of the south. But in Switzerland, the imagination immediately begins to flag for lack of excitement. Rocks, and snow, and forests you have, no doubt, in abundance; and, if you can be satisfied with these, you may fancy yourself in Paradise. Nothing is wanting but a finely and delicately organized humanity. It seems, however, to be a general law, that, wherever nature puts on gigantic dimensions, man is intellectually dwarfed, for mountainous regions have seldom or never given birth to great minds, or stamped a poetical character on their inhabitants. A seaport town, embosomed in low hills, and a flat wool-combing place, on a sluggish river, have produced the two greatest poets that ever lived; and if we traverse the whole earth in search of beauty, we shall find it chiefly on plains, or in modest hills and

valleys, like those of Great Britain, Italy, and Greece.

It was night when we arrived at Vevay, and, therefore, we were compelled to defer till morning our search for the Julies and the Claires. Then, however, it being market-day, on which economical habits bring out nearly the whole female population, we went forth early, in the hope of realizing Rousseau's delightful vision. But let me not dwell upon the sequel. Goitres and cretins, swollen necks and hideous idiotic faces—some from Savoy, who had crossed the lake in boats, others from the surrounding villages of the Pays de Vaud—met our eyes on all sides, with here and there a woman of passable aspect, but nothing like beauty, delicacy, or grace. We were disgusted with Vevay at once; nevertheless, in consideration of the exquisite scenery, the walks up the slopes of Mount Chardonn, the views from the chalet at the summit, the meadows along the banks of the Veveyse, the stroll to the Chateau de Blonay, the rocks of Meillerie, the Dent de Jaman, and the vast amphitheatrical sweep of grandeur from Clarens to St. Gingoulph, we prolonged our visit to a month, after which we returned to Lausanne, where the Swiss seemed more tolerable in appearance.

This place we for some time made our home, and I selected it to be the home of my family during my absence in the east. If you have been at Lausanne, you will remember, a little way out of the town, on the road to Berne, a fine house on the right hand, called Johinont, standing in the midst of a beautiful shrubbery and gardens. There it was we lived; and there, in the evening, as I watched my children playing upon the terrace, or appearing and disappearing among the trees and plantations below, I used to enjoy the prospect of the Alps, terminating with the summit of Mont Blanc, relieved like a pale spectral cloud against the blue sky.

Poets talk freely, and without offence, of their children, wives, and mistresses; and why may not prose writers take the same liberty? Mothers at least will forgive me if I become a little more familiar and communicative than is usual in a formal *tête-à-tête* with the public. But I am fond of children, of my own especially; and having just then seven of them, all full of health and animal spirits, big and little, it will readily be believed that they formed the most pleasant part of the landscape, notwithstanding that Mont Blanc, and the other Alps of Savoy, constituted the background. What added greatly to the interest was the consciousness that I was about to leave them—perhaps forever. They were of all ages, from nine or ten years to six months; and when their mother, with the baby on her lap, formed the centre of the group, they used to circulate around her in wild and never-ending gyrations of delight. In my mind's eye, I see them now, though time and circumstances have distributed and located them far apart, from the extremities of Insular Asia to the banks of the Nile and the

Seine. But an invisible link of brotherhood binds them together still; and, doubtless, there are moments when, from the most distant parts of the world, the minds of all revert to that beautiful spot where, in days of unmingled happiness, they laughed and sported before me in the shadow, as it were, of Mont Blanc.

It is an exclamation of Byron, "O that I could wreak my thoughts upon expression!"

I have a thousand times uttered a similar wish; not that my ideas are too big for language, but that I have never yet had the courage to turn them out of the spiritual into the visible world. Many and many are the thoughts that crowd and nestle about our hearts, and exist only for ourselves. Perhaps we love them the more, because they are exclusively ours, and would seem to lose their maiden purity and beauty, if exposed in indifferent drapery to the public. I wish, however, to be somewhat frank in this place, and to reveal a little of what passed in my mind when about to quit Europe for Africa. Nothing can be further from me than the desire to impart undue importance to a journey which many had performed before, and some without encountering any very formidable obstacles or dangers. But the question was one of prudence or imprudence. All my fortunes were mysteriously bound up in my gray goose quill, which, to the seven urchins before me, stood altogether in the place of Aladdin's lamp. Heaven, for aught they knew, rained cakes and bread and butter upon them from the sky, and would continue to do so, whether I happened to be on the shores of the Lemman lake, or in the Mountains of the Moon. But my faith was not quite so boundless, and therefore my almost irrepressible buoyancy of spirit sometimes flagged a little when I reflected that the poke of an Arab spear, or Moggrebin dagger, might turn the world into a wilderness for those joyous little ones, and leave my bones bleaching among those of camels in the Libyan or Arabian Desert.

However, in the sphere of parentship there are two human providences; and, therefore, it was not without great confidence that I determined on my expedition. Most persons endowed with fancy have, probably, from childhood, nourished a longing to visit some distant spot, halloed, if I may so express myself, by early associations of history, poetry, or romance. My imagination's land of promise, divided into two parts, lay on the banks of the Ilissus and the Nile, where great nations had flourished and faded—where great men had speculated on life and death, and toiled unceasingly to unveil the mystery of this vast universe. I by no means resembled that honest man who hoped to become possessed of Epictetus' wisdom, after his death, by purchasing his lamp. I hoped for no philosophical or religious inspiration by visiting the birthplaces of philosophy and theology. But I knew, at all events, that I could not fail to increase my experience and knowledge of mankind, by taking a view, however cursory, of Italy,

Greece, and Egypt. I was, besides, desirous of solving for myself, at least one problem, namely, whether the arts of Greece were derived originally from the Nilotic valley, which I could better do by studying the remaining monuments themselves than by trusting to the representations, seldom faithful, given of them by artists and travellers.

With these views, I determined, about the middle of September, upon quitting Lausanne, and took my place in the diligence for Milan. My wife and children came down to the Buceau to see me off; and, though I hoped my journey would prove one of pleasure, my feelings at parting were far from enviable. Strong doubts of the wisdom, or even morality, of the step I was about to take, came over me. Around me were the proofs of my multiplied responsibilities clinging to their mother or me, and shedding such tears as only children shed. My own feelings, or hers, I shall not attempt to describe. I shall only say that, overtaking the group again as they were ascending the steep street leading up from the Place St. Francois, I felt the strongest conceivable desire to leap out of the diligence, and return home with them; but while I was revolving this thought in my mind, the vehicle attained the summit of the acclivity, and rolled on, while through the window I looked at them as long as they were visible. Presently a turn in the street hid them from my sight, and away we went, rattling and jingling over the stones, the driver cracking his whip, and the conducteur laughing and chatting with the outside passengers as merrily as if we had not contemplated proceeding beyond the next village. It was eight o'clock in the evening when we quitted Lausanne. The gloom of night was congenial with the gloom of my mind, which, for a time, seemed to be completely stunned and bewildered. If there are those who can leave home without a pang, whatever amount of enjoyment they may be looking forward to, I cannot pretend to envy or congratulate them; for, being always enveloped with uncertainty, we cannot say whether or not we have looked on the old familiar faces for the last time. And how pregnant with painful meaning are those words, *the last time!* In them lies the chief sting of death, when, leaving the warm precincts of the cheerful day, it is the consciousness that it is for the last time that depresses, and all but annihilates, our souls. The clustering, loving faces round the bedside would lose nearly all their significance if we were merely going to sleep; but when that sleep is to know no waking—when, come what will, we can never with our mortal eyes behold those faces and those tears again—the pang of parting rises to indescribable agony. All separations of families have an infusion of this bitterness, because it is felt that what is meant to be temporary may prove eternal.

CHAPTER II.—MY COMPANIONS.

When you desire to be silent, you would also be glad to be solitary. The presence of com-

panions is irksome, especially when their tone and manners indicate a state of mind the very antipodes of your own. Of course it is highly unreasonable to expect sympathy from strangers, especially where they are ignorant that you require any. But we, after all, are unreasonable both in our hopes and expectations; and I remember experiencing extraordinary disgust with my neighbors in the interior of the diligence for putting common-place questions to me, in the hope of drawing me into conversation, at the moment when I felt more than a Trappist's fondness for silence. Presently, therefore, they drew their travelling-caps close over their ears, and dropped asleep, for which I was thankful. I then put my head out of the window, to gaze upon the dusky panorama around. No lake, not even that of Mæris, in the Lybian waste, is set in so rich a frame as that of Geneva—the Alps encompass it like giants, who seem at night to look down lovingly on its slumbers. They were now beginning to put on their wintry grandeur; being powdered all over with recent snows, which, in the increasing and waning light, imparted to them the strangest conceivable appearance. The smooth, level surface of the lake was thickly bedropped with the golden reflexes of the stars, which rose and sunk with that restless impulse always observed in the bosom of great waters, and reminded me of jewels heaving and trembling on the breast of beauty. A few days before my departure, the lake and its environs had exhibited a very different aspect. I had gone out with my children towards the rock of the Signal, and had reached the shelter of a little wood, when there came on suddenly one of those storms which appeared to draw forth and illuminate, as it were, all the hidden beauties of the Alps. "From crag to crag leaped the live thunder;" and, as night came on prematurely, perhaps from the dense clouds, the whole surface of Lake Lemman was momentarily converted into a sheet of dazzling fire. Perhaps in the whole system of nature there is nothing so beautiful as lightning. It is in the physical world what irresistible passion is in the moral. It is nature emerging from her normal state, and putting forth her powers and energies visibly. Passion, too, which is the lightning of the mind, obliterates by its brightness all the littlenesses and weaknesses of the character, and enables us for a moment to soar far above the earth and everything earthly. Lightning, though a physical process, is something analogous. Gazing on it makes the heart swell, and sends up the imagination far above the visible, diurnal sphere. As I looked down, from my lofty position, upon the clouds, charged heavily with electricity, I now and then obtained glimpses into something like a new world. Immense caverns opened up a vista into the bowels of that vapory creation, laying open long, sinuous valleys, fantastic mountains, chasms, and precipices, glittering plains and heaving seas, all sheathed with the brilliancy of lightning. Then followed intense darkness, and then another fit of revelation, after which the eye descended to the lake, and beheld tracks of blue light spread over it like a pattern,

quivering, palpitating, and expanding towards each other till they met, and became coëxtensive with the surface of the water, converting into one sea of flame the whole distance between Switzerland and Savoy. During a lull in the storm, I reached home with the children, after which I sat up during half the night with my wife, admiring, from an open window, the most glorious of all visible, created things, for neither sun, nor moon, nor stars, have for me half the fascination possessed by lightning, when loud thunder accompanies its birth-pangs, ushering in its short existence to the world.

No contrast could be greater than that which the lake now presented. Calm and still, with something like a soft breath breathing over it, I gazed towards the rocks of Meillerie, whence St. Preux wrote one of his sweetest letters to Julie. The very rocks, in the starlight, seem still luminous with love, so completely has the genius of Rousseau amalgamated itself with nature in this neighborhood.

We halted about an hour at Vevay, which now appeared far more romantic than when we lived there, though it was probably our having lived there that imparted to it its chief interest. Everybody knows what a momentary bustle the arrival of a diligence creates in a little country inn, all the inmates of which invariably rush out in search of excitement. Everybody is full of speculation respecting the faces that appear at the window of the vehicle, and if there be any in the background dimly seen, the mystery enveloping them is, of course, greatly enhanced. A Swiss rustic inn has always something picturesque and striking about it, with its long, drooping eaves, wooden galleries, and a wilderness of projections and niches, where light and darkness sport, as it were, with each other, as torch or candle passes to and fro beneath. Several of the burghers of Vevay, with pipe in mouth and tankard in hand, came out and planted themselves on seats beside the door to gaze at, or gossip with, the wayfarers, while ostlers, grooms, and stable boys, the same queer brood all over the world, developed their organic idleness, and laughed and chatted with the girls of the establishment who, now in dim light, and at a certain distance, looked quite pretty. I may here remark, by the way, that there is a small village near the chateau de Blonay, which is at once beautiful itself, and contains the most charming women in Switzerland. This I discovered accidentally during my walks, after which it alternately divided my attentions with the castle of Chillon. Some of these fair creatures occasionally take up their residence in Vevay; and it must, doubtless, have been one of them that set the imagination of Jean Jacques in a blaze.

As the traveller to Verona is shown the tomb of Juliet, so the stranger who visits Vevay is sure to have pointed out to him the site of Julia's bosquet at Clarens—the site, I say, because the monks of the great St. Bernard, to whom the place now belongs, are said to have cut down the

trees in order to plant a vineyard on the spot. When I once, in a tone of disapproval, mentioned this fact to a gentleman in the neighborhood, he shrugged his shoulders and observed, “*Le bon vin vaut bien les associations.*” But though good wine is an agreeable thing, I should, upon the whole, prefer Julia's bosquet to the vineyard, no matter how it obtained the name, or whether the foot of Rousseau's fancy ever visited it or not. During our month's stay at Vevay, I used frequently to walk in the evening towards the chateau of Chillon, and as often as we did so we had to pass the house in which Edmund Ludlow, the great English republican, spent the latter portion of his life in exile. We all observed the spot as we passed, and the recollection of his stern and noble virtues may be said to impart a sort of sanctity to Vevay. He enjoyed breathing the air of liberty to the last, under that form of government which he preferred to all others.

We now slowly skirted the end of the lake, passed Chillon and Villeneuve, near where “the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone” plunges into the lake. Pity that so singular a spot should be a perpetual prey to malaria and ague, which extend their influences as far as Vevay, and are almost sure to assail strangers on their arrival. We now turned sharp round towards the left, passed through Aigle and Bex, after which I fell asleep and did not wake again until we arrived at St. Maurice, the gate of the Valais.

CHAPTER III.—MADAME CARLI—THE SNOW-STORM

All persons of locomotive propensities claim for themselves the privilege of describing what they eat; and it really is a very judicious practice, because it begets in the reader the firm conviction that the traveller is no “*ignis fatuus*,” but a genuine, solid creature of flesh and blood, like himself. Besides, there are always some pleasant little associations with breakfasts and dinners, especially those you eat on a journey. The cream seems more creamy; the coffee, rolls, butter, new-laid eggs, ham, tongue, and sausages, of much finer quality than the articles which commonly pass under these names—the reason, perhaps, being that your journey has put you in good humor, and given you a keener appetite. I remember, with much pleasure, my breakfast at St. Maurice. The room, high up in the hotel, overlooked the “arrowy Rhone,” from which a fresh breeze seemed to ascend, and creep in balmy and refreshing, at the opening windows. We sat, a great many of us, round a large table, and, with the true freemasonry of travellers, were acquainted with each other at once. The fact is, you make the most of your time, knowing that you have none to spare, and chat away, right and left, with man or woman that happens to be within reach. On the present occasion, there was but one lady of the party, with whom I was afterwards, by accident, nearly eloping into Italy; but of that more hereafter. For the present we only exchanged civilities, handed each other fresh eggs and bread and

butter, and conversed about what we had seen, and hoped yet to see. For her part, she had beheld nothing but Paris, and those tracts of country which lie directly between it and St. Maurice. Her husband, who sat beside her, and held her in strict surveillance, had been long in the east, where he had acquired Turkish ideas of jealousy and suspicion. Madame Carli, however, nothing daunted by his severe looks, conversed with me unceasingly, buttered my toast, poured out my coffee, and paid me all those small attentions which none but ladies can pay. I am always helpless, that they may have the pleasure of assisting me. Madame Carli was a pretty Frenchwoman, with large, dark eyes, and a profusion of raven hair. She had been well educated in the modern system, knew a good deal, and believed very little. The chief article in her creed was, that it was a man's duty to make love, and a woman's to receive it, under all circumstances, and in every place. Her husband thought the direct contrary, which was quite natural, seeing they had already been married six weeks, and that he anticipated considerable trouble from the development of his helpmate's theory. Madame appeared to take infinite interest in my proposed journey, and listened with as much pleasure at my account of what I hoped to see as if I had already seen it and been speaking from experience. Three things especially delighted her—the Temple of Karnak, the tombs of the Theban kings, and the boundless expanse of the desert; as I expatiated on which, her eyes would kindle and flash, and she would exclaim, "Ah, how I should like to be of your party!"—"Madame," I replied, "I have no party; I go alone."—"Oh, mon Dieu!" said she, "*comme ce sera triste*."—"No," I replied, "I shall people the desert with my remembrances." Our breakfast companions entered with more or less vivacity into this conversation, from which we at length proceeded to discuss the topography of the diligence and our own places in it. To my extreme satisfaction, I found that Monsieur and Madame Carli were to be my companions in the interior, which was fortunate, since I had already, as it were, made their acquaintance. My leanings were all then towards France, in which I had lived till I had acquired something of a native's love for it. This principally it was, perhaps, that recommended me to my female friend. We spoke of Paris, of its pleasures and gayeties, of the fascination of its society, of its literature, of its soirées, and of that fierce political spirit which renders life there so piquante. On one point we differed. Madame was a royalist; but this circumstance, instead of acting between us as a repelling power, supplied an everlasting topic for discussion; and I have noticed that however violently a woman may be attached to the pomps and vanities of monarchy, she delights in conversing with men of the most ultra-republican opinions. We were travelling through the territories of a republic, and I pointed out to her the most ordinary advantages enjoyed under that form of government—such as the perfect power of locomotion, the absence

of passports and custom-house nuisances, the freedom from pauperism and beggary, and the universal prevalence of that sturdy feeling of independence bordering often, I confess, on rudeness, which distinguishes the Swiss from all their neighbors. These things she could comprehend, but they made no impression upon her. Her husband was in the receipt of a salary from the state, as her father, I also found, was, and therefore she was disposed to accept accomplished facts and to be repugnant to all innovation.

Presently the diligence started, and our conversation took a new direction. There was, in the interior, a native of Aosta, who meant to leave us at Martigny, for the purpose of traversing the Great St. Bernard, at the exaggerated dangers of which pass he laughed very heartily. Accidents, he admitted, did sometimes overtake travellers in that part of the Alps, but generally, he said, the pass of the St. Bernard was open and safe throughout the year, except during the continuance of snow-storms. He had himself, a few years previously, in another pass, the name of which I forget, been overtaken by one of these, in company with an English family returning from Italy, and been witness of the way in which the elements sometimes perform the office of sexton. They set out early in the morning, and arrived a little before nightfall at a part of the pass which, owing to the driving of the winds, is easily choked up. The snow had begun to fall about an hour and a half previously, and was now pouring down the ravine before the blast, blinding both horses and postilions, and bringing along with it premature night. They had hoped to reach the summit before darkness set in; but the horses furnished them were weak, and the snow, for the last hour at least, had greatly retarded their progress. How he came to be in the Englishman's carriage, he did not explain. I fancy our countryman had invited him out of sheer politeness. The party consisted of five in all—the husband and wife, the Italian, the nurse, and a little baby. How it comes to pass I know not, but it generally happens that the English, when overtaken by danger, display qualities which astonish foreigners. On the occasion in question, all the solicitude of the husband seemed to be concentrated in the wife, while all hers was in the baby. Self seemed equally absent from the minds of both. The nurse, for her part, displayed the utmost stoicism, except that, as the cold increased, and the snow-drifts beat more and more furiously against the carriage windows, she pressed the child more closely to her breast, and protected it from the influence of the air with a greater allowance of shawls. Our friend from Aosta, who understood thoroughly the perils of the position, went on talking with the husband, who, while his eye was fixed upon his wife and child, appeared calm and collected, though, from certain thundering noises above, it appeared probable that the avalanches were in motion. At every ten yards, the carriage was stopped by the accumulated snow. "Jane," said the husband at length to his wife,

"tie up your throat carefully; we may have to walk presently; and you, nurse, make the baby comfortable, and give him to me." The nurse obeyed, and the mother, looking anxiously at her child, inquired, with suppressed earnestness, "William, is there any danger?"—"Yes, a little, love, just enough to impart an air of romance to our adventure."—"Hark!" exclaimed the wife, "what's that?"—"My God," cried the nurse, "the mountain has fallen on us." Just at that instant a loud shout was heard from the men outside, followed by a suppressed struggle and a groan, and then the most complete silence. All motion was at the same time arrested in the carriage, and on applying the lamp to the windows, it was perceived that they were embedded in thick snow. "What is to be done?" exclaimed the Englishman, addressing himself to our friend from Aosta. "Can your experience suggest any means of extricating ourselves from this position? If we force our way out, do you think it possible we could reach some place of shelter?"—"No," answered he, "that is impossible. All we can do is to remain where we are; they will dig us out in the morning."—"And the drivers," observed the Englishman, a sudden thought flashing across his mind, "what is to become of them? they will die of cold."—"They are dead already," answered the Aostan; "the first stroke of the avalanche extinguished life in them—what you heard was their death-groan."—"Impossible," cried our countryman; "I must force my way out, and endeavor to drag them hither." The confined space into which they had to breathe would have rendered it necessary to let down the windows, at the risk of admitting a quantity of snow; but all egress was impracticable. They were entombed, as it were, in the avalanche, which, fortunately for them, was soft and spongy, permitting air to pass through its pores; yet the heat soon became almost insufferable, and once during the night the lady fainted. Travelling carriages in the Alps are always well supplied with provisions and restoratives, wine, brandy, &c., and as our countryman never once lost his presence of mind, everything practicable was done for wife, and nurse, and child. What their language and feelings were may possibly be imagined. All our friend from Aosta could say was, that it was very terrible, which he uttered in a tone more significant than his words. Well, morning came at last, as they knew by consulting their watches; but it brought no light with it, and for some time no sound. At length a confused rumbling was heard through the snow, which died away, and came again by fits, till at length it became evident that it was the voices of men. After a protracted interval, a gleam of daylight entered the carriage, the snow was cleared partially away, and the welcome face of a rustic was beheld peering down upon them. Their deliverance was now speedy, and they were conveyed half dead to a chalet, together with the bodies of the driver and postilions. "Such accidents," said our friend, "are rare."

"It is to be hoped so," exclaimed Madame Carli; "and what became of the English lady?"—"Oh, the whole party escaped without injury, and next year I saw them pass again into Italy, so little had they been daunted by the perils they had escaped."

CHAPTER IV.—THE VALAIS.

I remember to have elsewhere remarked that there exists some resemblance between the valleys of the Rhone and the Nile. In both, a large and impetuous river flows through a narrow slip of cultivated land, flanked by a chain of lofty mountains on either side. But it is the resemblance which a miniature may be supposed to have to a picture of colossal dimensions. Yet the Rhone, when in full flood, is a noble river, and the Alps that frown over it are loftier, and infinitely more picturesque, than the Libyan and Arabian ranges, scorched almost to a cinder by the burning sun. I make no pretensions here to describe Switzerland. The reader will find in a thousand books the names of the towns, the heights of the mountains, and the length of the valleys. What I desire to revive are the feelings and sensations with which I passed on towards Italy, full of regrets and hopes, of sad memories and glorious anticipations. I have never seen an exposition of the philosophy of Alpine travelling, chiefly, perhaps, because the impressions made depend more upon the mind that feels them than on the objects themselves. Almost every person can repeat, with Jessica, "I am never merry when I hear sweet music," because the hushed delight produced by a concord of sweet sounds has no analogy with mirth. It is much the same with the grand harmonies of nature. A stranger visiting the Alps, for the first time, seldom experiences bursts of merriment, and there are many whom the sight of these gigantic mountains plunges into sadness and melancholy. For myself, I am generally, in such scenes, filled to overflowing with involuntary delight, inconsistent with any access of melancholy, fear or sorrow. It is true, the painful reflection sometimes presents itself, that while those majestic objects are eternal, I who observe them am a transitory being, traversing a narrow slip of sunshine between the cradle and the grave. Life, in fact, is but a luminous point, resting upon the confluence of two dark oceans—eternity past, and eternity to come—and encompassed by the immensity of unfathomable space. In this black darkness, in this dreary void, life has but one thing to cling to, the idea of God, without which we should drift away into immeasurable despair. But, like a cloud on the summer heaven, this thought soon vanishes, and my mind, returning to its habitual condition, is filled with sunshine. For this reason, travelling is a sort of mechanical happiness to me, especially amid Alps or deserts, or along the skirts of the ocean. Philosophically we know that the greatest projections on the earth's surface are almost nothing compared with its own magnitude. Yet, from the diminutiveness of our own bodies, they seem great, and

fill our minds with prodigious ideas of the force and sublimity of nature. What a chorus of glorious influences bursts upon our soul amid the Alps, with their glaciers, cataracts, caverns, forests, abysses, everlasting snows and storms, and thunders and avalanches! In beautiful weather, such as that in which I ascended the Valais, the mountains, with the bright blue sky hanging lovingly over them, remind one of a fairy scene in an opera. The grandeur perplexes you; you hurry along, and scarcely think it real, as object after object rushes past you, and is engulfed, as it were, in the memory of the past. Onward you go, beholding new mountains, new peaks, new chasms; and the all-pervading light clips them round and renders them nearly transparent. All the world over the dawn of morning is beautiful, when the earth looks like a bride arrayed in orient pearls, and the sun spreads far and wide his canopy of crimson clouds which his glory converts gradually into gold. But amid the Valaisan Alps the loveliness of morning sets language at defiance. Imagine endless spheres of snow, crowning piny mountains, and enveloped with a rosy flush by the magic of the young light. This glowing investiture, like the breast of the dove, every moment displays new colors, glancing off in fugitive coruscations which dazzle and intoxicate the senses. A luminous border hangs upon cliff and crag, and a whisper, soft as the breath of love, showers down upon you from the pine forests as you move. A feeling, half religion, half sense, fills your breast, and your eyes become humid with gratitude as you look upwards and around you. The reading of your childhood comes over you—you remember the earliest page in the history of man—"and God saw, all that he had made, and behold it was very good"—and good, you murmur to yourself, it is. If there be poetry in the soul, it comes out at such moments; and, by the process which I faintly and imperfectly describe, travelling sometimes mellows the character and improves our relish of life.

I was interrupted in my conversation with Madame Carli, who seemed to possess a genuine admiration for mountain scenery, by the entrance of an ecclesiastic, which brought out one of the most unamiable features in the French character. Instead of contracting, as it were, to make way for him, everybody appeared to expand to double his usual size, in order to show him he was unwelcome. My sympathy was roused in a moment; and, pressing rather unceremoniously against my female friend, I invited the stranger to take the best seat next the door. He bowed profoundly, and thanked me, after which, supposing his conversation would not be agreeable, he folded his arms, leaned back, and made up his mind to take refuge in absolute silence. I observed an impudent grin on the face of all my companions, with the exception of Madame Carli, whose feminine feelings preserved her from this indecency. To make up, as far as possible, for the inhospitality of my fellow-travellers, I immediately turned a little

round, and addressed myself to the new-comer, whom, from some peculiarity in his look and manner, I immediately suspected to be a Jesuit. He seemed pleased by my civility, and we commenced a conversation which lasted, with few interruptions, through the whole day. Even Madame Carli was forgotten, for so eloquent, so full of knowledge, so gentle, persuasive, and fascinating was my new friend, that I may say with truth I have seldom seen his equal. Wishing to ascertain whether my suspicion was well or ill founded, I expressed the most profound respect for the Society of Jesus. I said I had studied their institutions and history with peculiar interest, spoke of their missions and their labors, especially in South America and China, and repeated more than once how much pleasure it would give me to become acquainted with a member of the order. He bowed, and replied in a half-whisper, that he was himself a Jesuit, and principal at the college at Brigg, where he invited me to stay a few weeks. He would then, he said, explain to me the condition of the order throughout Europe, as well as that wonderful system of education, which, taken all together, is probably the most effective ever invented. Unfortunately, the fear of arriving too late in Egypt to ascend the Nile that winter prevented my accepting his invitation, which, I am sure, he gave with all his heart. We discussed the relative position of the two churches, the history of Protestantism, the probable fortunes of Rome, and the character of public opinion throughout Christendom. The habit of being all things to all men enters so strongly into the policy of the order, that I can lay little stress on his political professions. He appeared to sympathize with the democratic spirit of the age, and said that through convulsions and anarchy we must inevitably terminate with the adoption of the republic. One difficulty he could not overcome—the inaptitude of Catholicism with republican principles. He supposed, however, that the external forms of religion would be modified by civilization, and that which we term the Church must, in order to be useful, be organized in conformity with the ruling principle of society, whatever it may be.

A professor of rhetoric from Anjou, who gloried in the philosophy of Louis Philippe's dynasty, having listened for some time with patience to our discussions, at length broke in upon us with an attack on Christianity itself, which he conducted after the most approved tactics of Voltaire. If the Jesuit expressed any surprise, it was at our having been interrupted no sooner, for, aware of the odious influence of Philippism, he scarcely expected to find a spark of religion in any person promoted or patronized by the government. He did not choose, however, to combat the antiquated sophisms of Voltaire, and, observing that monsieur had a right to enjoy his own opinion, sat meekly listening to the objections urged against the very foundations of our faith. I was not quite so patient, but carrying the war into the enemy's quarter, accused Voltaire of ignorance, levity, and pro-

sumption; and while admitting his wit, and the grace and beauty of his style, laughed at the grossness of his blunders, both in history and philosophy. Fortunately for our tempers, the argument was interrupted by an invitation to dinner, which we all very cheerfully obeyed, disputation and sight-seeing being both great promoters of appetite.

Instead of dinner, I should rather, perhaps, have called the meal we were about to eat a second breakfast, as we took it considerably before noon. At a much earlier hour we had stopped, and descended from the diligence to gaze at one of those grand natural objects which constitute the charm of Switzerland. The fall of the Sallemche, vulgarly called the Pissevache, which disappoints at first sight, is magnificent when approached. It was rather too early in the morning, for the sunshine, which already gilded the summits of the rocks above, had not yet touched the trembling and foaming waters, or called into existence those innumerable rainbows which other travellers have seen spanning the infernal surge which precipitates itself down in prodigious masses, seeming as if it would cleave the very rocks upon which it eternally dashes. On the right hand, at the very summit of the cataract, a part of the rock forming the channel of the stream appears to project beyond the other parts of the river's bed, and round this the water curves, and foams, and looks exactly like the mane of a snow-white colossal horse, tossing and waving in the tempest. Though wet by the fine spray which fell about us like rain, we regretted leaving this extraordinary spot. The fertile portion of the canton consists of a narrow valley, flanked on both sides by lofty mountains, many of which were now blanched by a weight of virgin snow of the most dazzling whiteness. At the feet of these, often, in small semicircular sweeps, are found spots of verdure, of a very peculiar form and beauty. Imagine two towering rocky mountains, barren as death, and strikingly-savage in their aspect, divided in front from each other by a bed of soft green turf, dotted with tufted trees, single or in groups, and rising from the road with a gentle slope until it touches the curtain of naked rocks which unite the two mountains behind. But I know of no expression which can paint the loveliness of one of those scenes which we passed a little before sunset on Wednesday evening. The greensward, rising gradually, as I have said, from the level of the great valley, appeared to swell into every form of beauty which an undulating surface, infinitely varied in aspect, could assume. Here were small glades, through which the delighted eye wandered into the dim distance; there thick groves of umbrageous trees; here a patch of smooth-shaven lawn; by the side of this a dusky hollow, terminating in a shelving semicircle of green turf. In short, I know of no voluptuous feature in a landscape, excepting sparkling streams, which this valley did not exhibit.

CHAPTER V.—THE JESUIT.

Let me describe my friend of the Society of Jesus. He was a man of about thirty-five, slightly

exceeding the middle height, with a serene, placid countenance, rendered so entirely by discipline, for in the depths of his dark gray eyes you could read the evidence of fiery and tempestuous passions within. There is something cruel and ferocious in a gray eye, which yet is sometimes so tempered and softened by passion, that it becomes the most fascinating in nature. Mythology attributes gray eyes to Achilles, to indicate the union of intellect with the most destructive propensities. Tiberius the worst of Roman emperors, had gray eyes, which from that day to this have obtained little favor with poets or romance writers. We hear of dark, humid, lustrous eyes, of bright or soft blue eyes; but of the gray eye no epithet is suitable but that of fierce or fiery. To talk of a soft gray eye would be a contradiction which would instinctively produce laughter, yet it has often happened that men and women with gray eyes have fascinated all around them. The reason may be this, that the imperious energy of the character suggests the necessity of exercising an antidote, and the mixture of softness and fierceness, of all-absorbing love and violent antipathies, operates like a spell. The Jesuit, of whom I have been speaking, was at least an example of this. His short and slightly curled upper lip indicated a large amount of scorn, which he sought to disguise by a winning voice and gentle manners; but from the height of his intellect he evidently looked down upon his opponents, and now and then put forth a degree of strength that startled them. His face was pale, with a few streaks of red in the cheeks, such as you sometimes see in farmers, who have been a good deal exposed to the weather. He wore a long black cassock, reaching from his neck to the feet, a common hat, and a little white band of linen about the neck. We understood each other thoroughly, and between his Catholicism and my Protestantism there was so little difference that it required the name to distinguish one from the other. We rose above sectarianism, and met on the common level of Christianity. Such a man, however, would be a dangerous proselyte-maker, for he would first show all the points in which the two beliefs agree, and then gradually attack as errors, condemned by both, the points on which they differ, in favor, of course, of his own church. As we went along, I inquired into the mental and physical condition of the Valaisans, on which he exhibited extensive information, though himself a native of Alsace. Our conversation then turned upon the summit of the Alps, where he had often wandered, and which he described admirably. The name of Pervenche, used accidentally in our conversation, led to the mention of Jean Jacques Rousseau, and that again to Madame de Warrens, and that to love. I felt not a little anxious to learn the opinion of a Jesuit on this passion, but observing that Madame Carli and the rest of our companions were listening too attentively to our conversation, he said he would speak of it another time when I did him the honor to visit his college. That visit was never paid, neither did the promised discussion ever take place; but, instead, he related to me a story which did honor to

his frankness, for it represented a Jesuit in love. What will be the opinion of the reader when he hears the anecdotes, it is, of course, beyond my power to conjecture, neither shall I at present state my own; but when I have related faithfully all the incidents of the narrative, the event will speak for itself.

It was towards the close of the day, and not many leagues from Brigg, when, observing an extraordinary appearance in the valley and mountain on our right, I inquired of the Jesuit the cause of the phenomenon. Across the small plain from the foot of the rocks to the river extended a broad, irregular chasm some fifteen or twenty feet deep. On its edge stood the ruins of several cottages, and above, in the face of the mountains, was a tremendous gap like the mouth of an immense sluice; large trees torn up by the roots, rocks of enormous size rolled down and jammed together among the ruins of the forest, appeared to indicate the passage of some resistless flood, but all was now dry; and from the nature of the ground, it was clear that no river or even brook or streamlet could ever have flowed in

that channel. The Jesuit viewed the scene with a look expressive of sorrow and painful recollections, which suggested to me the idea that he had witnessed some tragedy on that spot. "I will tell you," said he, "as we go along, the history of the destruction of this little plain, which, as you perceive, is of very recent date. I happened to be here when it took place, and was blessed with more than one opportunity of affording aid or consolation to the sufferers. Similar occurrences are not rare in the region of the Upper Alps, but probably nothing so terrible has been known in the valley within the memory of man. Look yonder among the trees. At every advance of the diligence we discover the ruins of fresh cottages; indeed, a whole hamlet once stood where you now behold only loose stones and piles of rubbish. Look at yon cross; how it nods over the chasm like the light of religion gleaming over eternity. Close to it stood the little village church, and graves of the dead. All are now buried beneath the sands of the Rhone." He then commenced his relation in these words:—

From Fraser's Magazine.

HOPE AND MEMORY.

Two spirit-voices sighed upon the air—

"Oh, love us! part us never! We are fair
Only together! Fondly would we fling
Our clasping arms about thee still, and cling
Like gentle parasites that round thy lot
Entwine their mingling blooms; then part us not!"

For we are patient slaves, twin-born; our fate
Is still upon thy steps to watch and wait,
And o'er thy path to hover! Dread would be
Its course, but for the chequered tracery
Our light wings weave, as o'er thy changeful way
With shade and sunshine tremulous they play.

One flits before, yet turning to thee oft
With gay and beckoning gesture, whispers soft
Of many a goodly, many a glorious thing
She sees far onward—one, slow following,
With sad and patient smile unto her breast
Gathers the flowers thy hasty foot hath prest;

And warms them there until each flower receives
A soul—a spirit through its withered leaves,
To breathe undyingly around thy heart
A silent fragrance. Scattered far apart
Its treasures lie, until the loved, the fair,
The lost, are bound in one pale garland there!

We are thy friends, companions, through the day;
By night, though sleep forsake thee, we will stay;
Thou shalt not miss her with her dreams, for we
Will sit and tell thee many a history,
And sing thee songs of soothing." Then alone
Arose, methought, the voice of sadder tone:—

"Oh, love us! love my sister best; her strain
Was caught from heaven, and bears her there again.
Her lot, her place, are with the blessed; still
Their angel-harpings on her accents thrill;
Still towards their source her visions mount and
yearn:

I am of dust, and unto it return.

My looks are fixed upon the ground; they cling
With timid trust to each familiar thing;

My voice is but an echo, ling'ring on
Round some old temple whence the gods are gone.
Thou wilt not, therefore, scorn me! Listen! She,
The Bird of Heaven, hath borrowed notes from me!"

Then warbled that clear voice, "An endless sigh
My sister's song would be, but ere it die
I blend my utterance with every strain,
And whisper, 'All that hath been, comes again.'
I commune with her till her voice, her tone,
With all their sweetness, pass into my own.

She gazes on me till her features take
A smile of life and promise for my sake,
And soft and gleaming o'er my features lies,
Caught from the tearful shining of her eyes,
A rainbow-glory; we would mingle ever
Within its light. Oh, love us! part us never!"

[TRUTH AND OPINION.]

"MORE than half a century ago a journalist properly observed, that the question is not whether all truths are fit to be told, but whether all opinions are fit to be published; whether it is expedient that every individual should propagate and defend what *he looks upon* as truth. Every *real truth* is fit to be told; but every *opinion* that is engendered in the fermentation of a superficial head, with an irregular fancy, may not be fit to be told, however plausible it may be rendered by a tinsel clothing of metaphysical sophistry."—*Monthly Review*, vol. 64, p. 499.

[ENGLISH ECCENTRICITY.]

HORACE WALPOLE says, the most remarkable thing he had observed abroad was, "that there are no people so obviously mad as the English. The French, the Italians, have great follies, great faults; but then they are so national that they cease to be striking. In England tempers vary so excessively that almost every one's faults are peculiar to himself. I take this diversity to proceed partly from our climate, partly from our government; the first is changeable, and makes us queer, the latter permits our queeresses to operate as they please."—*Letters*, vol. 1, p. 43.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE MODERN ORATOR.*

MESSRS. Aylott and Jones have established a strong claim upon the gratitude of all to whom the cause of English literature is dear. They have come forward in a very spirited manner to save from oblivion some of the brightest flowers in the whole garland of English eloquence. In *The Modern Orator*, compiled under their auspices, we have, collected within a moderate compass, not specimens only, but the very cream of all that Chatham, Sheridan, Burke, Erskine and Fox, ever addressed to either house of Parliament. The speeches of each statesman, moreover, are prefaced by a short sketch of his life; while explanatory notes enable the reader fully to apprehend both the general drift of the several orations that come before him, and the particular points which, in the progress of his argument, the speaker has contrived either to achieve or to miss. It is impossible to overestimate the value or importance of such a publication. While it brings within the reach of thousands, knowledge, from which, without some help of the sort, they must have been entirely shut out, it supplies the more fortunate few with a manual, easily referred to, and just sufficiently extensive to recall to their recollection whatever, in this department of literature, an educated man would be loath to forget. No doubt there are fuller biographies extant of all the great men referred to here. And the intrinsic worth of these must remain to the end of time precisely what it was when each first came under the scalpel of the critic. But experience has long ago shown that biographies continue to be popular in an inverse ratio to their bulk; because you cannot forever keep alive the literary appetite that gulps down a couple of quartos, or half a dozen bulky octavos, at the outset. Look at Tomlin's *Life of Pitt*, Lord Holland's *Memoirs of Charles James Fox*, and Moore's *Life of Sheridan*. (Who that has not passed his grand climacteric ever thinks of referring to these, except for a purpose?) And even Prior's *Life of Burke*, though comparatively a recent publication, lives but in the memory of a passing generation, and will soon take its place on the top-shelves, among the books "which no gentleman's library ought to be without." Messrs. Aylott and Jones have, therefore, done good service, both to the memory of the glorious dead and to the taste and political education of the living. They have embalmed, so to speak, the rich imagery, the terse argument, the glorious declamation of the former, in a shrine which, being accessible to all, has a good chance of commanding the devotion of true worshippers to the end of time; while before the living age they bring models of imitation, which, as they may be studied without fatigue, and remembered in their just proportions,

so they cannot fail of giving a bias to the tastes, and strengthening the reflective powers, of the young and the ardent of many generations.

Chatham, Sheridan, Erskine, Burke, Fox—what a galaxy of illustrious names! Whig though they be, (with the exception, at least, of Burke, and he was a whig at the outset,) it is impossible not to feel, when we come into their presence, that we are indeed standing upon holy ground. But why should our spirited publishers stop there? Has not England produced another Pitt, attaining, even in his youth, to higher eminence than his father succeeded in making at mature age? Are Canning's silver tones forgotten? Has Wilberforce quite passed from men's memories? or Huskisson, or Scott, or Murray, or Thurlow? And might not passages of surpassing power and interest be culled from the speeches of still earlier statesmen—such as Hyde, Falkland, Hampden, Cecil?

Perhaps this hint of ours may not be thrown away. The firm which has dared to put forth these two volumes, cannot fail of meeting with such encouragement as shall lead to more. And then, without doubt, the same judgment and skill which have been brought to bear upon the present selection, will find scope and room enough to disport themselves on another.

The first of the great men with whom *The Modern Orator* deals, was born in St. James' parish, Westminster, on the 15th of November, 1708. His grandfather, when governor of Madras, had purchased for 20,400*l.*, a diamond, which was long considered the largest in the world; and subsequently sold it to the Regent Orleans, on account of the King of France, for 135,000*l.* Thus enriched, he became the proprietor of a handsome estate near Lostwithiel, in Cornwall, which he bequeathed, together with a considerable portion in money, to his son Robert. Of this Robert, by Harriet Villiers, sister to the Earl of Grandison, William Pitt, afterwards Earl of Chatham, was the second son.

William Pitt was sent at an early age to Eton, where he greatly distinguished himself, and became a favorite both with the masters and his school-fellows. Among the latter, he seems to have associated chiefly with George, afterwards Lord Lyttelton; Henry Fox, afterwards Lord Holland; and Henry Fielding. He entered Trinity College, Oxford, as a gentleman commoner; but never took a degree. An attack of gout in early life induced him to quit the university, and to seek in travel through France and Italy the health which had been seriously impaired. After his return, he obtained a commission in the Blues, and in February, 1735, took his seat in the House of Commons as member from Old Sarum. He at once, and without any apparent effort, made his presence felt in the great council of the nation. A strikingly handsome figure, a dignified and graceful manner, a voice full, rich, clear, and singularly flexible, supplied all that is wanting to complete the exterior graces of an orator; and

* The Modern Orator. Being a Selection from the Speeches of the Earl of Chatham, Sheridan, Edmund Burke, Lord Erskine, and Charles James Fox, with Introductions and Explanatory Notes. In 2 vols. 8 vo. London: Aylott and Jones, Paternoster Row.

neither the style nor the matter of his speeches disappointed the expectations which these outward signs might have stirred. Butler, in his *Reminiscences*, says of Lord Chatham, that "his lowest whisper was distinctly heard; his middle tones were sweet, rich, and beautifully varied; when he elevated his voice to its highest pitch, the house was completely filled with the volume of the sound."

His great *forte*, like that of his immortal son, seems to have been "invective," the force of which was much enhanced by the lightning glance of an eye which few could bear, when turned upon them, without shrinking.

He delivered his maiden speech in Parliament on the 29th of April, 1736, when Mr. Pulteney, then paymaster of the forces, moved an address of congratulation to George II. on the marriage of Frederick, Prince of Wales, with the Princess Augusta of Saxe Gotha. To our less courtly ears, there is a tone of too much adulation about this speech, which, however, the editors of *The Modern Orator* have, with great judgment, preserved. And as it lauded the prince on account of his many virtues, among which dutiful obedience to his royal father was not forgotten, the royal father, who hated the royal son consumedly, never forgave the insult. The young statesman was most uncereemoniously deprived of his cornetcy of horse, and went, as in duty bound, into violent opposition. As a matter of course, the dutiful Prince of Wales took to his arms the man whom the king his father delighted not to honor. Mr. Pitt was appointed groom of the bedchamber to his royal highness, and forthwith took a prominent part in assailing the policy and person of Sir Robert Walpole.

The first heavy blow struck by the ex-cornet at the prime minister was delivered in March, 1739, when he fiercely attacked Walpole's convention with Spain, and contributed not a little, by the force of his eloquence, to bring it into disrepute. The cabinet carried its motion, but by a majority of only twenty-eight votes—a thing quite unprecedented in the good old times of undisguised corruption; and the chief of the cabinet felt the same hour that his power was shaken. Nor is this to be wondered at. There was a vigor in Pitt's onslaught which a better cause might have found it hard to withstand; brought against the truckling of the great whig premier, it was quite irresistible.

This convention, sir, I think from my soul, is nothing but a stipulation for national ignominy; an illusory expedient to baffle the resentment of the nation; a truce, without a suspension of hostilities, on the part of Spain; on the part of England, a suspension, as to Georgia, of the first law of nature, self-preservation and self-defence; a surrender of the rights and trade of England to the mercy of plenipotentiaries; and, in this infinitely highest and most sacred point—future security, not only inadequate, but directly repugnant to the resolutions of Parliament, and the gracious promise from the throne. The complaints of your despairing merchants, and the voice of England, have

condemned it. Be the guilt of it upon the head of the adviser; God forbid that this committee should share the guilt by approving it!

Pitt was now one of the acknowledged leaders of the opposition, and he gave the enemy no respite. On the 19th of October, 1739, war was declared against Spain; and the reluctant minister, having once drawn the sword, seemed resolute to wield it effectively. But here again Pitt stood like a rock in his way. On the 17th of January, 1741, Sir Charles Wager, first lord of the admiralty, introduced into Parliament a bill for the encouragement and increase of seamen, and for the better and speedier manning of the navy. The measure had more than one very weak side, and they were all pounced upon directly by the prince's groom of the bedchamber. Among other arrangements proposed, there was one which empowered justices of the peace, upon application under the sign manual, or by the lord high admiral, or the commissioners executing that office, to issue warrants to constables within their jurisdiction, to search either by day or by night for seamen; and for that purpose to enter, and if need were, to force open the door of any house, or other place, in which there was reason to suspect that seamen were concealed. Pitt rose, as soon as the opportunity offered, and thus noticed the arguments of the attorney and solicitor-general, (Sir Dudley Ryder and Sir John Strange,) who had preceded him:

Sir, the two honorable and learned gentlemen who spoke in favor of this clause, were pleased to show that our seamen are half slaves already, and now they modestly desire you should make them wholly so. Will this increase your number of seamen? or will it make those you have more willing to serve you? Can you expect that any man will make himself a slave if he can avoid it? Can you expect that any man will breed his child up to be a slave? Can you expect that seamen will venture their lives or their limbs for a country that has made them slaves? or can you expect that any seaman will stay in the country, if he can by any means make his escape? Sir, if you pass this law, you must, in my opinion, do with your seamen as they do with their galley-slaves in France—you must chain them to their ships, or chain them in couples when they are ashore. But suppose this should both increase the number of your seamen, and render them more willing to serve you, it will render them incapable. It is a common observation, that when a man becomes a slave, he loses half his virtue. What will it signify to have your ships all manned to their full complement? Your men will have neither the courage nor the temptation to fight; they will strike to the first enemy that attacks them, because their condition cannot be made worse by a surrender. Our seamen have always been famous for a matchless alacrity and intrepidity in time of danger; this has saved many a British ship, when other seamen would have run below deck, and left the ship to the mercy of the waves, or, perhaps, of a more cruel enemy, a pirate. For God's sake, sir, let us not, by our new projects, put our seamen in such a condition as must soon make them worse than the cowardly slaves of France and Spain.

Harassed by the ceaseless attacks of his eloquent opponent, and deserted first by one and then by another of his ancient supporters, Sir Robert Walpole accepted a peerage, and, as Earl of Orford, withdrew from the administration. Mr. Pelham, Mr. Sandys, Lord Carteret, and their friends, now took the chief management of affairs. But their policy, and in particular their system of continental alliances, differed in nothing from that of Walpole, and they became, as he had been, the objects of Pitt's vehement denunciations. He attacked their inconsistency on the 9th and 23d of March, 1742, when Lord Limerick moved for an inquiry into the proceedings of the defunct cabinet; and in December of the same year exposed, with equal bitterness and ability, the injustice and extravagance of the Hanoverian alliance. It was proposed by the minister that England should take into her pay 16,000 Hanoverian troops, in order that they might be employed in the Netherlands, in support of Maria Theresa, Queen of Hungary. Pitt rose immediately after Henry Fox, who had spoken in support of the arrangement, though with a qualification, and said—

Sir, if the honorable gentleman determines to abandon his present sentiments as soon as any better measures are proposed, the ministry will quickly be deprived of one of their ablest defenders; for I consider the measures hitherto pursued so weak and so pernicious, that scarcely any alteration can be proposed that will not be for the advantage of the nation.

He then went on, in a strain of fiery eloquence, to expose the sophistry of men who did not scruple to seek the support of the crown at the expense of the people's burdens; and summed up his argument in these words:—

If, therefore, our assistance to the Queen of Hungary be an act of honesty, and granted in consequence of treaties, why may it not be equally required of Hanover? If it be an act of generosity, why should this country alone be obliged to sacrifice her interests for those of others? or why should the Elector of Hanover exert his liberality at the expense of Great Britain?

It is now too apparent, sir, that this great, this powerful, this mighty nation, is considered only as a province to a despicable electorate; and that in consequence of a scheme formed long ago, and invariably pursued, these troops are hired only to drain this unhappy country of its money. That they have hitherto been of no use to Great Britain or to Austria, is evident beyond a doubt; and, therefore, it is plain that they are retained only for the purposes of Hanover.

In 1744 another change of administration took place. The Duke of Newcastle was called to the chief management of affairs, and proposed to the king that Pitt should take office as secretary at war; but George II. could not forgive Pitt's opposition to the Hanoverian interests, and positively refused to receive him. Considerable inconvenience followed, which was overcome chiefly by Pitt's disinterested entreaty to his friends not to refuse office on his account; and the Newcastle cabinet continued to hold the reins till the 10th of

February, 1746. But they had felt their own weakness from the first, and having again failed to overcome the king's disinclination to receive Pitt, they resigned. Mr. Pulteney, now created Earl of Bath, thereupon became first lord of the treasury. His effort to form a cabinet broke down, and Pitt's friends returning to their places, brought him along with them; first, as vice-treasurer for Ireland, and then on the 6th of May as paymaster to the forces, with a seat in council.

As the second son of a country gentleman, William Pitt had always been poor. Indeed, it was the *res angusta* which alone induced him to accept office in the household of Frederick, Prince of Wales, and he seized the very first opportunity that presented itself of resigning it. In 1744 the celebrated Duchess of Marlborough died, and left him a legacy of 10,000*l.*, "On account," as her will expresses it, "of his merit in the noble defence he has made in the laws of England, and to prevent the ruin of his country." This fortune, though not great, was sufficient to place him in a position of comparative independence, and he immediately ceased to be groom of the bedchamber to the prince. The emoluments of office as paymaster of the forces proved, moreover, an acceptable addition to his income; though, to his honor be it recorded, he did not pocket a shilling beyond the bare salary allowed; and at the period concerning which we now write, this deserves to be accepted as very high praise, for there was no man then in public life, from the highest to the lowest station, but looked upon the appropriation of waifs and strays as fair plunder. Chancellors and prime ministers openly accepted presents, not from foreign courts alone, but from private persons. Till Pitt's incumbency there had never been a paymaster who omitted to appropriate to his own use the interest on public balances, or to exact a fee of one half per cent. from moneys paid in the form of subsidy to any of the continental powers. Pitt refused from the first to enrich himself by any such discreditable means. He paid the balances, as often as they accrued, into the Bank of England, and declined the fee which his predecessors used to expect as a matter of right. Pitt was arrogant, overbearing, and very difficult to manage, but he was quite as disinterested as his son; and we defy any man, in high life or in low, to exceed either of them in that respect.

In November, 1754, Pitt married Hester, daughter of Richard Grenville, Esq., of Wootten, in the county of Buckingham, and sister of Viscount Cobham, afterwards Earl Temple, and of George and James Grenville. In 1755, he received an intimation from the king that his majesty had no further occasion for his services; and, together with Legge, the chancellor of the exchequer, seceded from the cabinet. This was owing to the disapprobation expressed by these two statesmen of the subsidiary treaties with Hesse Cassel and Russia, into which the king, without consulting his council, had entered. But, though deprived of office, they did not enter violently into opposition. On the con-

trary, when a rupture with France became inevitable, Pitt seconded the proposal of Viscount Barrington, secretary at war, to increase the army, which was accordingly raised from about 20,000 to 35,000 men. In spite, however, of this indisposition unnecessarily to embarrass the councils of the government, the war was not well managed. Minorca fell into the hands of the French. Admiral Byng was sacrificed. Oswego in America, and Calcutta in Asia, were both lost. A panic seized the Duke of Newcastle, and after vainly endeavoring to bring Pitt back again, he resigned. A new cabinet was accordingly formed, with the Duke of Devonshire at its head, and Mr. Pitt and Mr. Legge formed part of it—the former as secretary of state, the latter as chancellor of the exchequer.

There was still on the part of the king a rooted dislike to his servant—a feeling which was carried to a still greater extreme by the Duke of Cumberland. The latter, indeed, refused to take command of the army which was to protect Hanover unless Pitt were removed from office; and once more Pitt, with Legge, and this time with Lord Temple, were sacrificed. But the disfavor of the court was more than compensated to the two former by the respect and admiration of the people. Numerous addresses of thanks poured in upon them from all quarters; and cities and boroughs loaded them with deeds of freedom, each enclosed in a gold box. The king's faction could not make head against this stream, the weight of which was further increased by the abortive issue of the Duke of Cumberland's military operations. Another change of administration became necessary, and the Duke of Newcastle assuming the post of first lord of the treasury, Pitt became again secretary of state, and to all intents and purposes leader in the councils of the nation.

It is unnecessary to dwell at length upon the great events which characterized the interval between 1757 and 1762. However averse he might be to war, Pitt threw himself into the contest which he found raging, with wisdom and vigor. The navies of France were swept from the face of the ocean. Canada was conquered, and numerous islands and stations in the West Indies, in Africa, and in Asia, subdued. Nor was his triumph over the prejudices of the Jacobites either less striking or less creditable to himself. He conquered Canada, and several of the West Indies, by bringing against them the stout right arms of the very clans which had followed Charles Edward to Derby, and fought at Falkirk and Culloden. It was a wise policy this which enlisted the military spirit of the Highlanders on the side of the established government, and consummated by kindness the triumph which Lord Hardwicke's terrible, but necessary, laws of proscription had begun. But Pitt, though a great and most successful minister, was intolerably overbearing in the cabinet; and showed no disposition to yield, even in manner, to royalty itself. He ruled his colleagues with a rod of iron, and lost all hold except upon their fears. Hence a cabal formed itself against him, at the

head of which stood Lord Bute; and the first opportunity was taken to force him out of the king's councils. On the 25th of October, 1760, George II. died. He was succeeded by his grandson, George III.; and Pitt's days of influence and power became numbered. Negotiations for peace had been begun on the side of France, and were proceeding as favorably as an English minister could desire, when Charles III. came to the throne of Spain, with feelings strongly prejudiced in favor of his relative, Louis XV. Pitt was not long kept in doubt respecting the formation of the "family compact," and foreseeing that its consequences would be, not peace with France, but war with Spain, and, perhaps, with Sicily likewise, he determined to anticipate the plans of both. He proposed in the cabinet that the negotiations with France should be broken off, and that England should take the initiative in the inevitable quarrel with them. To his great surprise he found himself outvoted. He tried a second appeal in the council chamber, and was again defeated; whereupon he tendered his advice in writing to the young king, and there, likewise, met with a repulse. No course now lay open to him except resignation. He went with his seals of office to St. James', where the young king received him with such marks of kindness and respect, that the heart of the proud statesman was touched. His resignation could not, of course, be withdrawn; but he accepted, in token of the gratitude of the crown, a peerage for his wife, and was not ashamed (he had no reason to be) of becoming a pensioner to the extent of 3000*l.* a year.

A retiring statesman, whose descent into private life is softened by a pension, seldom fails to incur at least temporary unpopularity. This was the case with Pitt; but the storm, though sharp for the moment, soon blew over, and he became again the idol of the people. All that he had foretold as about to happen in regard to Spain came to pass. On the 4th of January, 1762, war was declared against that power, under circumstances far less favorable to England than would have attended the measure had Pitt's suggestions been acted upon. On the whole, however, the country had no cause to complain of the results of the contest. Several of Spain's most valuable settlements, of which Cuba was one, fell into the hands of the English, and the tide of success was flowing without a check, when negotiations for peace were entered into. Pitt heard of these, and left his bed, to which he had been confined for several days, to protest against them. Unable to stand, he was permitted to address the house from the bench on which he sat, but he fairly broke down ere he could reach the pith of his argument. His speech produced a great sensation, though it could not arrest the progress of events. Cuba, the most important conquest which England had ever made, was restored to Spain in exchange for Florida; an arrangement of which, down to the present day, England has good reason to regret the improvidence.

It was about this time, or rather in the early part of the following year, that Sir William Pynsent, a Somersset baronet of ancient family, died and bequeathed to William Pitt the estate of Burton Pynsent, with a rental of 3000*l.* a year. The baronet had no personal acquaintance with the legatee—it is doubtful whether he had ever seen him; but he was a great admirer of Pitt's public character, and seems to have had no near relatives. So considerable an accession to means not previously abundant proved very acceptable to the recipient; but it did not abate one jot of the mental activity of the man. A martyr to gout, he still played a conspicuous part in Parliament, though he steadily refused to become again a member of the cabinet which had so unceremoniously thrown him overboard.

From 1761 to 1766 Pitt remained excluded from the king's councils. He was, therefore, no party to the ill-judged Stamp-Act, which had well nigh precipitated, by a year or two, the rupture with the North American colonies; indeed, he opposed it when first brought forward vigorously, and contributed largely, by the eloquence and power of his denunciation, in effecting its repeal. The following extract from his speech on the latter occasion well deserves to be remembered:—

A great deal has been said without doors of the power, of the strength, of America. It is a topic that ought to be cautiously meddled with. In a good cause, on a sound bottom, the force of this country can crush America to atoms. I know the valor of your troops; I know the skill of your officers. There is not a company of foot that has served in America out of which you may not pick a man of sufficient knowledge and experience to make a governor of a colony there. But on this ground—on the Stamp Act—when so many here will think it a crying injustice, I am one who will lift up my hands against it.

In such a cause, even your success would be hazardous. America, if she fell, would fall like the strong man. She would embrace the pillars of the state, and pull down the constitution along with her. Is this your boasted peace? To sheathe the sword, not in its scabbard, but in the bowels of your countrymen? Will you quarrel with yourselves now the whole house of Bourbon is united against you? While France disturbs your fisheries in Newfoundland, embarrasses your slave-trade to Africa, and withholds from your subjects in Canada their property stipulated by treaty; while the ransom for the Manillas is denied by Spain, and its gallant conqueror basely traduced into a mean plunderer—a gentleman whose noble and generous spirit would do honor to the proudest grandee of the country. The Americans have not acted in all things with prudence and temper. The Americans have been wronged. They have been driven to madness by injustice. Will you punish them for the madness which you have occasioned? Rather let prudence and temper come first from this side. I will undertake for America that she will follow the example. There are two lines in a ballad of Prior's, of a man's behavior to his wife, so applicable to you and your colonies, that I cannot help repeating them,—

Be to her faults a little blind;
Be to her virtues very kind.

Upon the whole, I will beg leave to tell the house what is really my opinion. It is, that the Stamp Act be *repealed absolutely, totally, and immediately.* That the reason for the repeal be assigned, because it was founded on an erroneous principle. At the same time, let the sovereign authority of this country over the colonies be asserted in as strong terms as can be devised, and be made to extend to every point of legislation whatsoever. We may bind their *trade*, confine their *manufactures*, and exercise every *power* whatsoever, except that of taking their money out of their pockets without their consent.

It was during this interval, likewise, that the famous disputes between the House of Commons and John Wilkes occurred. Pitt was no admirer of Wilkes; but he still less admired the unconstitutional and impolitic proceedings of those who, in their abhorrence of a demagogue and a libeller, forgot what was due to the privileges of Parliament, and the undoubted rights of the constituencies. He spoke against the sentence of expulsion, which was, however, as is well known, carried into effect.

The king was by this time heartily tired of the bondage in which the great whig families seemed determined to keep him. His first attempt to emancipate himself, by placing Lord Bute at the head of the administration, had failed. He now endeavored, with the assistance of Lord Rockingham, to shake them off; but Lord Rockingham possessed small influence in Parliament, and was quite as much a member of the clique at heart as many who followed more openly in the wake of the house of Russell. Nothing now remained, therefore, except to call upon Pitt to form an administration. He did so, "and produced," says Burke, "such a piece of diversified mosaic, such a tessellated pavement without cement; here a bit of black stone, and there a bit of white—patriots and courtiers, king's friends and republicans, whigs and tories, treacherous friends and open enemies; that it was, indeed, a very curious show, but utterly unsafe to touch, and unsure to stand on." Nor would the state of his own health permit the framer of the cabinet to watch, as it was right that he should, over its proceedings. The business of the House of Commons was too much for him, and he passed into the Lords as Earl of Chatham. Had he consulted his own fame more, and what he believed to be the best interests of the crown less, he would have retired from the cabinet as soon as the truth was forced upon him that physical strength enough to guide its deliberations was wanting. He failed to do this; and cannot, therefore, escape his share of responsibility for measures which resulted in the catastrophe which he had on former occasions contributed to postpone.

In the year 1767, Charles Townsend introduced into the House of Commons a bill for taxing America, by levying duties on certain articles which the Americans were not permitted to import, except from Great Britain. We need

not so much as refer to the consequences of this measure; but it is due to Lord Chatham not to place out of record, that, as the scheme was none of his, he hastened, in 1768, to mark his disapproval of it by withdrawing from the government. It is just, also, to bear in mind, that almost from the date of his return to power till his resignation he labored under the pressure of a malady, which though not, perhaps, such as deserves to be described as an aberration of intellect, entirely unfitted him from taking part in public affairs. The portion of blame which attaches to him, as compared with that justly attributable to his colleagues, is very small. But if he erred in suffering himself to be made an involuntary party to the beginning of the strife, he more than made amends by the unwearied zeal which marked his efforts to heal the breach. In 1770, his health being somewhat reëstablished, he returned to public life; and as a peer of Parliament advocated measures of conciliation, which were unhappily rejected. At last, as is well known, the government, which had repeatedly declined to entertain fair and honorable propositions from the enemy, gave up all for lost, and resolved to have peace on any terms. This was quite as much at variance with Lord Chatham's sense of right as the original ground of the war. He resolved, therefore, to oppose the motion; and rose from a sick bed, to which he had been long confined in the country, that he might carry his design into force. He proceeded to London, and sat in the lord chancellor's room till informed that the business of the debate was about to begin. Let the editor of the work which we are here reviewing, tell the rest:—

He was then led into the House of Peers by two friends. He was dressed in a rich suit of black velvet, and covered up to the knees in flannel. Within his large wig, little more of his countenance was to be seen than his aquiline nose and his penetrating eye, which retained all its native fire. He looked like a dying man; yet never was seen a figure of more dignity; he appeared like a being of a superior species. The Lords stood up, and made a lane for him to pass to his seat, whilst, with a gracefulness of deportment for which he was so eminently distinguished, he bowed to them as he proceeded. Having taken his seat on the bench of the earls, he listened to the speech of the Duke of Richmond with the most profound attention.

After Lord Weymouth had spoken against the address, Lord Chatham rose from his seat slowly and with difficulty, leaning on his crutches, and supported by his two friends. Taking one hand from his crutch, he raised it, and, casting his eyes towards heaven, said, "I thank God that I have been enabled to come here this day to perform my duty, and to speak on a subject which has so deeply impressed my mind. I am old and infirm—have one foot, more than one foot, in the grave—I have risen from my bed to stand up in the cause of my country—perhaps never again to speak in this house!"

The reverence—the attention—the stillness of the house was most affecting; if any one had

dropped a handkerchief the noise would have been heard. At first Lord Chatham spoke in a very low and feeble tone; but as he grew warm, his voice rose, and became as harmonious as ever; oratorical and affecting, perhaps more than at any former period, both from his own situation, and from the importance of the subject on which he spoke. He gave the whole history of the American war; of all the measures to which he had objected; and all the evil consequences which he had foretold; adding at the end of each period, "And so it proved."

In one part of his speech he ridiculed the apprehension of an invasion, and then recalled the remembrance of former invasions—"A Spanish invasion, a French invasion, a Dutch invasion, many noble lords must have read of in history; and some lords (looking keenly at one who sat near him) may remember a Scotch invasion."

"My lords," continued he, "I rejoice that the grave has not closed upon me; that I am still alive to lift up my voice against the dismemberment of this ancient and most noble monarchy! Pressed down as I am by the hand of infirmity, I am little able to assist my country in this most perilous conjuncture; but, my lords, while I have sense and memory, I will never consent to deprive the royal offspring of the house of Brunswick, the heirs of the Princess Sophia, of their fairest inheritance. Where is the man that will dare to advise such a measure? My lords, his majesty succeeded to an empire as great in extent as its reputation was unsullied. Shall we tarnish the lustre of this nation by an ignominious surrender of its rights and fairest possessions? Shall this great kingdom, that has survived, whole and entire, the Danish depredations, the Scottish inroads, and the Norman conquest; that has stood the threatened invasion of the Spanish Armada, now fall prostrate before the house of Bourbon? Surely, my lords, this nation is no longer what it was! Shall a people that, seventeen years ago, was the terror of the world, now stoop so low as to tell its ancient inveterate enemy, Take all we have, only give us peace! It is impossible!

"I wage war with no man, or set of men. I wish for none of their employments; nor would I coöperate with men who still persist in unrectracted error; or who, instead of acting on a firm decisive line of conduct, halt between two opinions, where there is no middle path. In God's name, if it is absolutely necessary to declare either for peace or war, and the former cannot be preserved with honor, why is not the latter commenced without hesitation? I am not, I confess, well informed of the resources of this kingdom; but I trust it has still sufficient to maintain its just rights, though I know them not. My lords, any state is better than despair. Let us at least make one effort; and if we must fall, let us fall like men!"

When his lordship sat down, Earl Temple said to him, "You forgot to mention what we talked of, shall I get up?" Lord Chatham replied, "No, no; I will do it by and bye."

The Duke of Richmond then replied; and it is said that, in the course of his speech, Lord Chatham gave frequent indications of emotion and displeasure. When his grace had concluded, Lord Chatham, anxious to answer him, made several attempts to stand, but his strength failed him, and, pressing his hand to his heart, he fell backwards in convulsions. The house was immediately

thrown into a state of the greatest agitation, and an adjournment was at once moved and carried. Lord Chatham was first taken to the house of Mr. Sargent, in Downing street; and when he had in some measure recovered, he was removed to his own residence at Hayes; where, after lingering for a few days, he expired on the 11th of May, in the seventieth year of his age. On the evening of his death, the House of Commons, on the motion of Colonel Barré, voted him a funeral and a monument in Westminster Abbey at the public expense. A few days afterwards, an annuity of 4000*l.* was settled upon the heirs of the Earl of Chatham, to whom the title should descend; and a public grant of 20,000*l.* was made for the payment of his debts.

We regret that our limits will not permit us to pursue this interesting subject further. *The Modern Orator* is, however, a work which can well afford to stand or fall upon its own merits; and we heartily recommend it to the careful study of all who either delight in observing the forms and shapes which genius of the highest order once took in others, or are themselves desirous of catching a ray from the fires which still continue to burn, even amid the ashes of the mighty dead.

From Fraser's Magazine.

GESTA ROMANORUM.

It is a strange old quilt of diverse patches, Sombre and gay, to suit the tastes of all.—*Old Play.*

DEAR, quaint Charles Lamb, in his *Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading*, lisps out this drollery:

I can read anything which I call a *book*. There are things in that shape which I cannot allow for such. In this catalogue of *books which are no books—biblia a-biblia*—I reckon court calendars, directories, pocket-books, draught-boards bound and lettered on the back, scientific treatises, almanacs, statutes at large; the works of Hume, Gibbon, Robertson, Beattie, Soame Jenyns, and, generally, all those volumes which “no gentleman’s library should be without;” the histories of Flavius Josephus, (that learned Jew,) and Paley’s *Moral Philosophy*. With these exceptions, I can read almost anything. I bless my stars for a taste so catholic, so unexcluding.

I confess that it moves my spleen to see these *things in books’ clothing* perched up on shelves, like false saints, usurpers of true shrines, intruders into the sanctuary, thrusting out the legitimate occupants. To reach down a well-bound semblance of a volume, and hope it some kind-hearted play-book; then, opening what “seem its leaves,” to come bolt upon a withering population essay! To expect a Steele, or a Farquhar, and find—Adam Smith!

We can keenly sympathize in the disappointment that “Elia” so whimsically describes, having “many a time and oft” put forth our hand to grasp what we fondly deemed would prove a cluster of delicious thoughts, and found, to our chagrin, that its grapes had been gathered from a vine of Sodom. It was, therefore, with no small delight that, on taking down the book that gives its title to the present article, from a very dusty shelf in our library, some months ago, we discov-

ered we had lighted on a treat—a choice collection of tales, possessing an intrinsic interest of subject, and a still greater extrinsic interest, arising from the circumstance of their having furnished warp for the woof of many a bard of fame.

Being of a benevolent disposition, we wish to enable others to taste of that which has afforded pleasure to ourselves; and so, for the benefit and delectation of those of our readers who may not have met with the *Gesta*, we shall proceed to give a brief history of the work, and then invite their attention to a few specimens of its contents, interspersed with extracts and remarks that will tend to show the influence it has had on English poetical literature.

For infants, “the strong wine of truth” must be mingled with “the honeyed waters” of amusing story; and when man’s mind is childish, through imbecility or want of education, it too must have instruction conveyed to it in the concrete rather than the abstract, being unable, or unwilling, to admit a principle, unless that principle be clad in an example. The monks of the middle ages were aware of this fact, and, therefore, in their preaching, endeavored to fix the attention of their benighted hearers by striking narratives; striving afterwards, by the somewhat strained “applications” they tacked on to them, to awaken their sluggish, slumbering consciences. The *Gesta Romanorum*^a is an assortment of such tales, carelessly copied from oriental, classical, and German writers, and generally stated to be the composition of Petrus Berchorius, who was prior of the Benedictine convent of St. Eloi, in Paris, in 1362. Pisistratus, however, might as justly be called the author of the *Iliad*; for all that Berchorius did was to string together “stirring stories,” that, long before his time, had been told by orators in cope and cowl, to make their congregations change their weary gaping into wonderment. An imitation of the work, slightly differing in contents from the original, and qualified with a dash of nationalism to suit the taste of its probable readers, (just as now-a-days French *Vaudevilles* are adapted to Adelphi audiences,) was produced in England by a monk, at a very early period; and to this version Shakspeare appears to be indebted for the plots of several of his plays.

So much by way of introduction. Now for our specimens, selected both from the continental and the insular edition.^b

NO. I. A SAUCY THIEF.

A fair face was the emperor Leo’s chief delight. To enjoy it to the full, he caused three images to be made in the form of women, dedicated a temple to their service, and ordered all his subjects to worship them. The first stretched forth its hand, as though in the act of benediction, having on one

^a We would observe, *en passant*, that the recorded “*Gests*” are by no means exclusively those of the Romans.

^b In fitting these with an English dress, we have derived considerable assistance from the Rev. Charles Swan’s elegant translation of the *Gesta*. The notes appended to it have also been laid under contribution.

of its fingers a golden ring, which bore as its motto, "My finger is munificent." The second had a golden beard, and on its brow was written, "I have a beard; if any one be beardless, let him come to me, and I will give him one." The third was clad in a golden cloak, whilst on its breast gleamed forth, in shining characters, "I care for nobody." These three images were made of stone. When they had been placed upon their pedestals, the emperor decreed that if any one should take away ring, beard, or cloak, he should be doomed to some most ignominious death. It happened, notwithstanding, that a low scoundrel entering the temple, and perceiving the ring upon the finger of the first image, immediately drew it off. He then went to the second, and took away the golden beard; and, to finish up his work, robbed the third image of its golden cloak. The theft was soon discovered, and the culprit dragged before the emperor. When charged with the crime, he replied with great coolness, "My lord, suffer me to speak. When I entered the temple, the first image held out its finger towards me, as though it would tempt me to take the ring; and when I read the motto, 'My finger is munificent,' I thought it would be very rude to refuse the obliging offer, and, consequently, took it. When I approached the second image, and saw its golden beard, I reasoned thus with myself, 'The maker of this statue never had such an appendage to his chin, for I have often seen him; and, without question, the creature should be inferior to its creator; ergo, I ought to take the beard.' Any scruple as to the propriety of appropriating it that might still trouble me, was removed when I perceived, in characters most clearly legible, 'I have a beard; if any one be beardless, let him come to me, and I will give him one.' I am beardless, as your majesty may see, and, therefore, took away the proffered beard for two good reasons; firstly, that the image might look more like its maker; and, secondly, that I might cover up my own bare chin. I carried off the golden cloak, partly from a feeling of benevolence, because I thought that a mantle of metal would in summer be burdensome to the statue, and in winter but a poor protection from the cold; and partly from a feeling of indignation at its haughty boast, 'I care for nobody.'"

"My good sir," retorted the emperor, "the present trial is one of law, and not of logic. You are a robber, and so you must be hanged!" And he was.

Instead of the prosy moralization^a that follows this story in the *Gesta*, we will give Gower's happy rendering of it:

Ere Rom-e came to the créance^b
Of Christ-es faith, it fell perchance
Cæsar, which then was emperour,
Him list-e for to do honoûr
Unto the temple Apollinis;
And made an image upon this,
The which was cleped^c Apollô,
Was none so rich in Rom-e tho.^d

Of plate of gold, a beard he had,
The which his breast all over spradde.^a
Of-gold also, withouten fail,
His mantle was of large entayle.^b
Be-set with perrey^c all about,
Forth right he stretched his finger out,
Upon the which he had a ring—
To see it, was a rich-e thing,
A fine carbuncle for the nones,^d
Most precious of all stones.
And fell that time in Rom-e thus,
There was a clerk, one Lucius,
A courtier, a famous man;
Of every wit,^e somewhat he can,
Out-take^f that him lacketh rule,
His own estate to guide and rule;
How so it stood of his speaking,
He was not wise in his doing;
But every riot-e at last
Must need-es fall, and may not last.
After the need of his desert,
So fell this clerk-e in povérte,
And wist not how for to risé,
He cast his wit-es here and there,
He looketh nigh, he looketh far,
Fell on a tim-e that he come
Into the temple, and heed nome^g
Where that the god Apollo stood;
He saw the riches, and the good;^h
And thought he wold-e by some way
The treasure pick and steal away.
And thereupon so siliy wrought,
That his purpose about he brought.
And went away unaperceived;
Thus hath the man his god deceived—
His ring, his mantle, and his beard,
As he which nothing was afeard,
All privily with him he bare;
And when the wardens were aware
Of that their god despoiled was,
They thought it was a wondrous case,
How that a man for any weal
Durst in so holy plac-e steal,
And nam-e-ly, so great a thing!
This tale cam-e unto the king,
And was through spoken over-all.
But for to know in special,
What manner man hath done the deed,
They soughten help upon the need,
And maden calculatiôn,
Whereof by demonstratiôn
The man was found-e with the good.
In judgment, and when he stood,
The king hath asked of him thus:
"Say, thou unselyⁱ Lucius,
Why hast thou done this sacrilege?"
"My lord, if I the cause allege,"
(Quoth he again) "me-thinketh this,
That I have done nothing amiss.
Three points there be, which I have do
Whereof the first-e point stands so,
That I the ring have ta'en away.
Unto this point this will I say—
When I the god beheld about,
I saw how he his hand stretched out,
And proffered me the ring to yere;^j
And I, which wold-e gladly live
Out of povérte thro' his largess,
It underfang^k so that I guess;
And therefore am I nought to wite.^l

^a We shall make it our rule to omit the "applications."
^b Belief. ^c Called. ^d Then.

^a Spread. ^b Cut. ^c Pearls. ^d Purpose.
^e Knowledge. ^f Except. ^g Took. ^h Goods.
ⁱ Foolish. ^j Give. ^k Accepted. ^l Blame.

And, overmore, I will me 'quit,^a
 Of gold that I the mantle took :
 Gold in his kind, as saith the book,
 Is heavy both, and cold also ;
 And for that it was heavy so,
 Methought it was no garn-e-ment^b
 Unto the god convenient,
 To clothen him the summer tide :^c
 I thought upon that other side,
 How gold is cold, and such a cloth
 By reason ought-e to be lothe^d
 In winter tim-e for the chiel.
 And thus thinking thought-es fele,^e
 As I mine eye about-e east,
 His larg-e beard-e then at last
 I saw ; and thought anon therefore
 How that his father him before,
 Which stood upon the sam-e place,
 Was beardless, with a youngly face.
 And in such wise, as ye have heard,
 I took away the son-n-es beard,
 For that his father had-e none,
 To make him like ; and hereupon
 I ask for to be excused."

Confessio Amantis.

The poem from which we have made this long extract is indebted to the *Gesta* in many other places, but we must hasten on to a legend which Spenser has worked into the second book of the *Faerie Queene*. Our readers will readily recognize, in the following tale, Sir Guyon's temptation in the "House of Richesse."

NO. II. MEMENTO MORI.

In the city of Rome stood an image, on the middle finger of the right-hand of which was traced, "Strike here!" Many wondered what the inscription meant, but no one had discovered its signification, when a learned clerk, hearing of the image, came to examine it. He, noticing the shadow that the sunlight made it cast, took a spade and began to dig where the shade of the finger fell. He soon came upon a flight of stairs, which led down into a cave. Descending these steps, he entered the hall of a princely palace, in which there were a number of men seated at table. They were all attired in the most costly fabrics of the loom, but not a sound escaped their lips. In one corner of the apartment he observed a bright carbuncle, gleaming like a little sun. Opposite, and aiming at it, stood an archer, on whose brow was written, "I am what I am ; my arrow is inevitable ; yon stone of light cannot escape its stroke." The clerk, amazed at what he saw, entered the bedchamber, where he found lovely ladies clad in purple, but all as silent as the grave. He next went to the stables, and admired the magnificent horses tethered in their stalls ; he touched them—they were stone ! He visited in succession every building in this strange domain, and having feasted his eyes on all their various riches, returned to the hall, purposing to effect a precipitate retreat, for a feeling of awe began to creep over him. "I have seen wonders to-day," said he to himself ; "but should I tell them to my friends, they will all say that I have been

dreaming, unless I take back something solid to convince them that I have been in a land of realities." Whilst he was thus soliloquizing, he cast his eyes upon a table covered with golden cups. He put forth his hand and took a goblet, but had no sooner placed it in his bosom than the archer struck the carbuncle with his arrow, and shivered it into a thousand fragments. The whole building instantly was filled with Egyptian darkness, and the hapless clerk sought in vain for some mode of egress. After having long wandered in the gloom of its labyrinthine passages, he died a wretched death.

NO. III. WORDS ARE WIND.

Shakspeare, as we have hinted above, was a great filcher from the *Gesta*, but we have only room here to give the original of his *King Lear*, with a few other selections illustrating detached portions of his plays.

The wise Emperor Theodosius had three daughters. Wishing to discover which of them loved him best, he said to the first, "How much do you love me?" "More than myself," was the reply. Pleased with her affection, he gave her in marriage to a mighty king. Then he came to the second, and asked her how much *she* loved him? "As much as I do myself," she answered. The emperor married *her* to a duke. Afterwards, he inquired of his third daughter, "And how much do *you* love me?" "As much as you deserve, and no more," was her somewhat pert response. Her father thought an earl was good enough for her. Some time after this the emperor was beaten in battle by the King of Egypt, and driven from the land he had long ruled so wisely. In his distress he naturally thought of his affectionate first-born ; and, writing an epistle to her with his own hand, entreated her, in most pathetic words, to succor him. Her husband was willing to assist his father-in-law to the utmost of his power ; but the unnatural daughter declared, that five knights only should be sent him, to remain with him until he could regain his crown. Theodosius was heavy of heart when he saw but five horsemen riding towards him, instead of the countless spears that he had hoped soon to see bristling on the horizon ; but he concealed his emotion, and wrote off for aid to his second daughter. She was willing to find him food and clothing fitting for his rank, during the continuance of his misfortune ; but would not suffer her "doughty duke" to lead an army into the field in his behalf. The emperor, almost in despair, applied, last of all, to his third daughter ; and she, shedding full floods of tears when she heard of her father's melancholy circumstances, prevailed upon her lord to raise a valiant host, by means of which Theodosius was quickly enabled to resume the imperial purple. Grieved that he had given her credit for so little affection, when, as he had found, it was the ruling passion of her heart, he willed his sceptre to his loving child.

We shall now endeavor to prove that the Swan of Avon could occasionally condescend to assume the character of a mocking-bird in thoughts as well

^a Acquit. ^b Garment. ^c Time. ^d Warm. ^e Many.

as plots, by giving a brace or two of what we think our readers will admit to be *very* parallel passages :

The mercy of a king is like refreshing dew, gently falling on the summer grass.—*The Three Monarchs.*

The quality of mercy is not strained :
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven,
Upon the place beneath.—*Merchant of Venice.*

He is like a hanging apple. The surface is fair, but there is a wasting worm at work within ; and it soon falls to the ground, rotten at the core.—*Human Life.*

An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek ;
A goodly apple, rotten at the heart.
Merchant of Venice.

The prince who is gentle as a lamb in war, but fierce as a tiger in peace, is unworthy of regard.
Reconciliation.

In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility :
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger.—*Henry V.*

In the *Game of Shaci*, the subjoined abominable libel on woman occurs :—*Casta est quam nemo rogavit.* We are aware that we ought to beg pardon of the ladies for echoing such a slur on the softer sex, even in Latin ; but if any of our fair readers should feel inclined to take umbrage at it, we hope they will permit us to remind them that it is the silly slander of a melancholy old monk, who, being moped to death by his single wretchedness, maligned—like the fox in the fable—what he could not obtain. Congreve, in *Love for Love*, adopts the saying we have quoted, but makes *man* come in for a share of his satire :

A nymph and a swain to Apollo once prayed ;
The swain had been jilted, the nymph been betrayed ;
Their intent was to try if his oracle knew
E'er a nymph that was chaste, or a swain that was true.

Apollo was mute, and had like to 've been posed,
But sagely at length he this secret disclosed :
He alone won't betray in whom none will confide ;
And the nymph may be chaste, that has never been tried !

No one needs to be told of what elegant poem the following story is the groundwork :

NO. IV. "HIS WAYS ARE NOT AS OUR WAYS."

Once upon a time there lived a hermit, who in a solitary cell passed night and day in the service of his God. Not far from his retreat a humble shepherd tended his flock. Happening one day to fall into a deep slumber, a robber carried off his sheep. The owner of them, turning a deaf ear to the excuses of his servant, ordered him to be put to death for his negligence—a proceeding which gave great offence to the hermit. "Oh, Heaven !" he exclaimed, "the innocent suffers for the guilty, and yet is unavenged by God ! I will quit His service, and enter the giddy world once more." He accordingly left his hermitage ; but the Al-

mighty willed that he should not be lost, and an angel, in the form of man, was sent to bear him company. Having made each other's acquaintance, they walked on together towards a crowded city. They entered it at night-fall, and entreated shelter at the house of a most noble captain. He took them in, gave them a sumptuous supper, and then conducted them to a bed-chamber decorated in the highest style of art. In the middle of the night the angel rose, and, going stealthily to an adjoining apartment, strangled their entertainer's only child, who was sleeping in his cradle there. The hermit was horror-struck, but durst not reprove his murderous companion, who, though in human form, exercised over him the influence of a superior being. In the morning they arose, and went on to another city, where they were hospitably treated by one of the principal inhabitants. This person possessed, and greatly prized, a massive golden cup : in the night the angel stole it. Again the hermit held his peace through fear. On the morrow they continued their journey, and having met a pilgrim on a bridge, the angel requested him to become their guide. He consented, but had not gone many yards with them, before the angel seized him by the shoulders, and hurled him into the stream below. The hermit now came to the conclusion that his companion was the devil, and longed for an opportunity of leaving him secretly. As the vesper bell was ringing they reached a third city, and again sought shelter ; but the burgess to whom they applied was a churl, and would not admit them into his house. He said, however, that if they liked, they might sleep in his pigsty. Not being able to procure a better lodging, they did so ; and in the morning their surly host received as his remuneration the purloined goblet. The hermit *now* thought the angel was a madman, and told him they must part.

"Not until I have explained my conduct," said the angel. "Listen, and then go thy way. I have been sent to unfold to thee the mysteries of Providence. When thou wast in thine hermitage, the owner of a flock unjustly put his slave to death, and by so doing moved thy wrath ; but the shepherd, being the victim of ignorance and precipitate anger, will enjoy eternal bliss, whilst the master will not enter heaven until he has been tormented by remorse on earth, and purified by fire in purgatory. I strangled the child of our first host, because, before his son's birth, he performed many works of mercy, but afterwards grew covetous in order to enrich his heir. God, in His love, is sometimes forced to chasten, and beneath the tears of the sorrowing parent his piety will spring again. I stole the cup of our second host, because, when the wine smiled brightly in it, it tempted him to sin. I cast the pilgrim into the water, because God willed to reward his former faith with everlasting happiness, but knew that, if he lingered any longer here below, he would be guilty of a mortal sin. And, lastly, I repaid the niggard hospitality of our third host with such a bounteous boon, to teach him for the future to be more generous.

Henceforth, therefore, put a seal upon thy presumptuous lips, and condemn not the All-wise in thy mole-eyed folly." The hermit, hearing this, fell at the angel's feet, and pleaded earnestly for pardon. He received it, and returned to his hermitage, where he lived for many years, a pattern of humility and faith, and at length sweetly fell asleep in Christ.

The next of our eclogæ has been moulded by the plastic hand of genius into many forms. Perhaps the best known of these is the ballad of Beth-Gêlert, in which Mr. Spencer has told the legend, as localized in Wales, in a very touching manner.

NO. V. IL FAUT QUELQUEFOIS TENIR LA MAIN.

The knight Folliculus was exceedingly fond of his infant son, and also of his falcon and his hound. It happened one day that he went out to a tournament, to which, without his knowledge, his wife and servants too went afterwards, leaving the babe in his cot, the greyhound lying in the rushes underneath it, and the falcon on his perch above. A serpent that lived in a hole near the castle of Folliculus, thinking from the unusual silence that it must be deserted, crept out of its retreat and entered the hold, hoping to find some food. Seeing the child it would have devoured him, had not the falcon fluttered its wings until it awoke the dog, which, after a desperate conflict, killed the wily intruder, and then, almost fainting through loss of blood, lay down at the foot of the cradle, that in the *mêlée* had been overthrown. The knight, on his return home, seeing the jaws of his greyhound red with gore, and not being able at first to find his child, thought that the dog had destroyed him; and, frantic with fury, plunged his sword into its faithful heart. Then, hearing a cry, he lifted up the cradle-coverlet, and saw his rosy boy just waking from a happy dream, whilst the huge coils of the dead serpent showed the peril he had so narrowly escaped, and the injustice that his father had so hastily committed. The knight, detesting himself for his cruel deed, abandoned the profession of arms, broke his lance into three pieces, and went on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, where, after a few years, he died in peace.

NO. VI. A MESSENGER OF MERCY.

The Emperor Menelay made a decree, that if any guiltless captive could escape from his bonds and reach the imperial palace, he should be protected from his oppressors. Soon after the promulgation of the law, a knight was wrongfully accused, and cast into a dark dungeon. The light of his eyes was dimmed when he was thus cut off from the company of his brethren; but one mild summer morn, a nightingale came in through the little window of his cell, and sang so sweetly that he almost forgot he was deprived of liberty. As the knight treated his minstrel very tenderly, she flew into his bosom daily to cheer him with her song. One day he said to her, "My darling bird, I have given thee many a dainty, wilt thou not show me a kindness in return? Like to myself, a creature of

the mighty God, O, help me in my need!" When the bird heard this, she flew forth from his bosom, and after having remained away from him for three days returned, bringing in her mouth a precious stone. Having dropped it in his hand, she again took flight. The knight wondered at the strange conduct of his songster, but happening to touch his fetters with the stone that she had given him, they instantly fell off. He then arose, and touched the doors of his prison: they opened. He rushed forth into the fresh, free air, and ran rapidly towards the emperor's palace. Here he was joyfully received, and his innocence being satisfactorily established, his persecutor was sentenced to perpetual banishment.

This pretty little tale very probably suggested those beautiful lines in the *Prisoner of Chillon* :—

A light broke in upon my brain,—

It was the carol of a bird ;

It ceased, and then it came again,

The sweetest song ear ever heard,

And mine was thankful till my eyes

Ran over with the glad surprise,

And they that moment could not see

I was the mate of misery :

But then by dull degrees came back

My senses to their wonted track,

I saw the dungeon walls and floor

Close slowly round me as before,

I saw the glimmer of the sun

Creeping as it before had done,

But through the crevice where it came

That bird was perched, as fond and tame,

And tamer than upon the tree ;

A lovely bird with azure wings,

And song that said a thousand things,

And seemed to say them all for me !

I never saw its like before,

I ne'er shall see its likeness more :

It seemed like me to want a mate,

But was not half so desolate,

And it was come to love me when

None lived to love me so again,

And cheering from my dungeon's brink,

Had brought me back to feel and think.

I know not if it late were free,

Or broke its cage to perch on mine,

But knowing well captivity,

Sweet bird ! I could not wish for thine ;

Or if it were, in wingéd guise,

A visitant from Paradise,

For—Heaven forgive that thought ! the while,

Which made me both to weep and smile ;

I sometimes deemed that it might be

My brother's soul come down to me ;

But then at last away it flew,

And then 't was mortal—well I knew,

For he would never thus have flown,

And left me twice so doubly lone,—

Lone—as the corse within its shroud,

Lone—as a solitary cloud,

A single cloud on a sunny day,

While all the rest of heaven is clear,

A frown upon the atmosphere,

That hath no business to appear

When skies are blue, and earth is gay.

Our readers are convinced by this time, we should imagine, that many a thread in the mantle of the English Muse originally figured in the

party-colored pallium of the *Gesta*.* We shall conclude our article with a couple of anecdotes, which, though unconnected with our literature, we think will amuse by their piquancy.

NO. VII. AN ARTFUL DODGE.

A certain soldier suspected his wife of having transferred her affections from himself to another; but not being able to *prove* the fact, he requested a cunning clerk to assist him in demonstrating his lady's infidelity. The clerk consented, on condition of being allowed to converse with the fair frail one. After having chatted on a variety of indifferent topics for some time, he took her hand, and pressed his finger on her pulse, at the same time mentioning in a careless tone the name of the person whom she was presumed to love. The lady's blood, at that sweet sound, rushed through her veins like a swollen stream; but when her husband became the theme of their discourse, it resumed its usual tranquil flow. The clerk communicated the result of his experiment to the bamboozled Benedick; but whether the affair furnished employment to the "gentlemen of the long robe," as the newspapers say, or whether the soldier did by his own act abate the nuisance that had marred his peace, we are not informed.

NO. VIII. OBSEQUIUM AMICOS, VERITAS ODIUM PARIT.

A lady, during the absence of her lord, received a visit from her gallant. One of her hand-maidens understood the language of birds, and a cock crowing at midnight, the faithless spouse inquired the meaning of his chant. "He says," replied the maiden, "that you are grossly injuring your husband."—"Kill that cock instantly," said the lady. Soon after another cock began to crow, and his notes being interpreted to signify that his companion had died for revealing the truth, he shared his fate. Last of all a third cock crew. "And what does *he* say?" asked the lady. "Hear and see all, but say nothing if you would live in peace."—"Oh, *don't* kill him!" retorted she.

Lectores, scripsimus—plaudite aut tacete!

THE FARMER'S PLOUGH.

BY DR. O. W. HOLMES.

CLEAR the brown path to meet his coulter's gleam!
Lo, on he comes behind his smoking team,
With toil's bright dew-drops on his sun-burnt brow,
The lord of earth, the hero of the plough!

First in the field before the reddening sun,
Last in the shadows when the day is done,
Line after line along the bursting sod
Marks the broad acres where his feet have trod;
Still where he treads the stubborn clods divide,
The smooth, fresh furrow opens deep and wide,
Matted and dense the tangled turf upheaves,
Mellow and dark the ridgy cornfield cleaves,
Up the steep hillside where the laboring train
Slants the long track that scores the level plain;

* N. B. Our samples are *literally* samples. We have not raked up a few instances of plagiarism, but out of very many deeds of plunder have exposed some of the most barefaced.

Through the moist valley clogged with oozing clay,
The patient convoy breaks its destined way;
At every turn the loosening chains resound,
The swinging ploughshare circles glistening round,
Till the wide field one billowy waste appears,
And wearied hands unbind the panting steers.

These are the hands whose patient labor brings
The peasant's food, the golden pomp of kings;
This is the page whose letters shall be seen
Changed by the sun to words of living green
This is the scholar whose immortal pen
Spells the first lesson hunger taught to men;
These are the lines, O Heaven-commanded Toil,
That fill thy deed—the charter of the soil!

O gracious mother, whose benignant breast
Wakes us to life and lulls us all to rest,
How thy sweet features, kind to every clime,
Mock with their smiles the wrinkled front of Time!
We stain thy flowers—they blossom o'er the dead;
We rend thy bosom, and it gives us bread;
O'er the red field that trampling strife has torn,
Waves the green plumage of thy tasselled corn,
Our maddening conflicts scar thy fairest plain,
Still thy soft answer is the growing grain.

Yet, O, our mother, while uncounted charms
Round the fresh clasp of thine embracing arms,
Let not our virtues in thy love decay,
And thy fond weakness waste our strength away.

No! by these hills, whose banners, now displayed,
In blazing cohorts Autumn has arrayed;
By yon twin crest, amid the sinking sphere,
Last to dissolve, and first to reappear;
By these fair plains the mountain circle screens
And feeds in silence from its dark ravines;
True to their home these faithful arms shall toil
To crown with peace their own untainted soil;
And true to God, to Freedom, to Mankind,
If her chained bandogs Faction shall unbind,
These stately forms, that bending even now,
Bowed their strong manhood to the humble plough,
Shall rise erect, the guardians of the land,
The same stern iron in the same right hand,
Till Graylock thunders to the parting sun
The sword has rescued what the ploughshare won!

BENEATH THE WAYSIDE TREE.

BENEATH the wayside tree

A pale one sat and sang her tale:—

"The gorse upon the common blooms, the clover
on the lea;

That Love should bud and fail!

"I had a lover true,

But now he's gone far, far away;

And the new things have grown old, and from the
old things have sprung new,
Since last he came this way."

"Let the new things grow old,

From old things let new spring again!

True love is neither new nor old, one ever—for,
behold!

I love thee now as then!"

His frame was no more young,

Wrinkled his brow, his hair grown gray;

Yet round him not less tenderly her arms the pale
one flung;

And life for both once more was May.

IVAN T.

From the Britannia.

The Court and Reign of Francis the First. By Miss PARDOE. Two vols. Bentley.*

THE spirit of the best French memoir-writers has been caught by Miss Pardoe. She has admirable tact in constructing biographical history, and in selecting all those personal anecdotes which illustrate at once a character and an age. Her gossip, though always amusing, is usually full of matter, and, even when she is forced to descend to scandal, she can relate a courtly intrigue without a particle of coarseness. Nearly every name which appears on her page is drawn at full length by her skilful pen in characteristic lines. Her books must take their place between romance and history, possessing, as they do, some of the best qualities of both, without the fables of the one or the formality of the other.

In this work of "Francis the First," she has remarkably succeeded in presenting us with an authentic picture of the monarch and his court, and in imparting to it all the interest which arises from correctness of drawing, truth of coloring, and art in composition. Her design leads her not only to give an amusing memoir of the king, but to exhibit the counsellors, courtiers, and generals who surrounded them, and to show them much as they were "in their habit as they lived," both in their private and public life. The epoch was a stirring one; the world was agitated by great thoughts; and both ideas and manners were on the eve of that great revolution which separates modern from mediæval history. It is only justice to Miss Pardoe to say that she has omitted no research which could add to the value of her book, and that her talent in the disposition and arrangement of her materials is equal to her industry in collecting them.

The discursive nature of her book is, according to the plan on which it is formed, one of its greatest attractions; but it prevents us from giving anything like a distinct notice of its contents. Full of personal anecdote, and of those biographical sketches which an entertaining and judicious writer, Mr. Craik, has truly shown make up the romance of history, each chapter is a story in itself, and might be made the subject of a distinct critique. But we cannot pass from it without making a few extracts illustrative of its entertaining character. We may remark that the volumes are beautifully produced, and that they contain well-engraved portraits of the principal personages of the times:

AMUSEMENTS OF THE COURT OF FRANCIS.

In the month of May, Francis, probably somewhat alarmed by the deficit which had already betrayed itself in the national exchequer, removed his court to Amboise, whither Madame d'Angoulême had preceded him for the purpose of celebrating at that castle the marriage of Mademoiselle de Bourbon, the sister of the connétable, with the Duke de Lorraine; and it is upon record that, on this occasion, being desirous to give some variety to the festivities, which were limited in their nature

* Reprinted by Lea and Blanchard, Philadelphia.

by the fact that, in a private residence, the etiquette of mourning for the late king did not permit either balls or masquerades, the young monarch caused a wild boar, which had been taken alive in the neighboring forest, to be turned loose in the great courtyard of the castle, having previously ordered every issue, by which the savage denizen of the woods might escape, to be carefully closed. This being, as it appeared, fully accomplished, the courtly company then assembled at Amboise, stationed themselves at the windows, whence they amused themselves by casting darts and other missiles at the enraged and bewildered animal.

Highly excited by this novel pastime, bets ran high between the young nobles on their respective skill; and bright eyes watched anxiously the flight of every weapon as it was hurled from the respective casements. Suddenly, however, shrieks of terror echoed through the spacious apartments. The boar, tortured beyond endurance, had made a furious plunge at the door which opened upon a great staircase; had dashed it in, and was rapidly ascending the steps which led to the state-rooms, and which were protected only by a hanging drape of velvet; when the king, rushing from the apartment where the horror-stricken ladies were crowding about the queen, and, thrusting aside the courtiers who endeavored to impede his passage, threw himself full in the path of the maddened animal, and, adroitly avoiding his first shock, stabbed him to the heart.

DIANA OF POITIERS PLEADING FOR THE LIFE OF HER FATHER.

At the period of her father's condemnation Diana had consequently passed her twenty-third year, but she had spent her early life in an unbroken calm, which still invested her with all the charms of youth and ingenuousness. Looking upon the Count de Maulevrier rather with the respect of a child than the fondness of a wife, she had soon accustomed herself to the gloomy etiquette by which she was surrounded; and, knowing nothing of a world of which she was one day to become the idol, she passed her time among her maids, her flowers and her birds, without one repining thought.

Diana possessed all the graces that attract, and all the charms which enslave. Nature had endowed her alike with beauty and with intellect; and, as she moved through the sombre saloons of Anet like a spirit of light, the gloomy seneschal blessed the day upon which he had secured such a vision of loveliness to gladden his monotonous existence.

When Madame de Brézé reached the city, the scaffold was already erected upon which her father was to suffer. Unaware, however, of this ghastly fact, she at once sought an audience of the king, who was informed, while surrounded by a bevy of his nobles, among whom he was endeavoring to forget the impending tragedy, that a lady solicited permission to enter his presence.

"Who is she?" he inquired, with some curiosity, of the usher on duty; "whence does she come?"

"It is the Grande Seneschale of Normandy, sire; and she has come post from Anet."

"Ah, on the faith of a gentleman!" exclaimed Francis; "she has chosen an unhappy moment to present herself at court. This is the far-famed beauty, Diana de Poitiers, my lords, of whom we have all heard so much, and whom none of us have seen, as I believe, since her childhood. She has come on a woful errand, truly, for it is easy to

guess the purport of her visit. Admit her instantly."

"The lady is anxious to be permitted to see your majesty alone," said the usher respectfully.

The monarch glanced rapidly about him with a slight inclination of the head, and in a moment the apartment was cleared; while, as the retreating steps of the courtiers were heard in the gallery, a lateral door fell back, and, closely veiled, and enveloped in a heavy mantle, Diana rushed into the saloon and threw herself at the feet of the king, screaming breathlessly, "Mercy! mercy!"

"I pity you, madame, from my very heart," said Francis, as he lifted her from the ground, and placed her upon a seat.

"Do more, sire," exclaimed Diana, rising and standing erect, her beautiful figure relieved by the sombre drapery which she had flung aside in the effort. "You are a great and powerful sovereign. Do more. Forget that Jane de Poitiers was the friend of Charles de Bourbon, and remember only that he was the zealous and loyal subject of Francis I. The most noble, the most holy of all royal prerogatives, is mercy."

"Madame—"

"Ah, you relent! My father is saved!" exclaimed the grande seneschale; "I knew it—I felt it—you could not see those venerable gray hairs soiled by the hands of the executioner."

What more passed during this memorable interview is not even matter of history. The writers of the time put different interpretations upon the clemency of the king. Suffice it that the Count de St. Vallier was reprieved upon the very scaffold; and that Madame de Brézé remained at court, where she became the inspiring spirit of the muse of Clement Marot, who has succeeded, by the various poems which he wrote in her honor, and of which the sense is far from equivocal, in creating a suspicion that it was not long ere she became reconciled not only to the manners but also to the vices of the licentious court, in which thereafter she made herself so unfortunately conspicuous. Some historians acquit her of having paid by the forfeiture of her innocence for the life of her father, from the fact that in the patent by which his sentence was remitted, no mention is made of her personal intercession, and that his pardon was attributed to that of the grand seneschal himself, and others of his relatives and friends; but it appears scarcely probable that Francis would, under any circumstances, have been guilty of the indelicacy of involving her name in public disgrace, aware, as he necessarily must have been, of the suspicion which was attached to every young and beautiful woman to whom he accorded any marked favor or protection.

DIANA'S CARE OF HER CHARMS.

At this period, 1535, the widow of Louis de Brézé had already attained her thirty-first year, while the Prince Henry was only in his seventeenth; and at the first glance it would appear as though so formidable a disparity of age must have rendered any attempt on her part, to engage the affections of so mere a youth, alike abortive and ridiculous; but so perfectly had she preserved even the youthful bloom which had added so much to her attractions on her first appearance at court, that she appeared ten years younger than she actually was. Her features were regular and classical; her complexion faultless; her hair of a rich purple black, which took a golden tint in the sunshine; while her teeth, her ankles, her hands and arms, and

her bust, were each in their turn the theme of the court poets. That the extraordinary and almost fabulous duration of her beauty was in a great degree due to the precautions which she adopted, there can be little doubt, for she spared no effort to secure it; she was jealously careful of her health, and in the most severe weather bathed in cold water; she suffered no cosmetic to approach her, denouncing every compound of the kind as worthy only of those to whom nature had been so niggardly as to compel them to complete her imperfect work; she rose every morning at six o'clock, and had no sooner left her chamber than she sprang into the saddle; and after having galloped a league or two, returned to her bed, where she remained until mid-day engaged in reading. The system appears a singular one, but in her case it undoubtedly proved successful, as, after having enslaved the Duke d'Orleans in her thirty-first year, she still reigned in absolute sovereignty over the heart of the King of France when she had nearly reached the age of sixty! It is certain, however, that the magnificent Diana owed no small portion of this extraordinary and unprecedented constancy to the charms of her mind and the brilliancy of her intellect.

At a recent meeting of the Ethnological Society an interesting paper was read from E. G. Squier, our charge des affaires at Guatemala. Mr. Squier has already commenced his antiquarian researches, and forwarded several curious relics to Washington. He gives an account of the recent discovery of an ancient city, buried beneath the forest, about a hundred and fifty miles from Leon, which far surpasses the architectural wonders of Palenque. A curious letter was also read, addressed to the President of the United States, from the last of the Peruvian incas. Samuel G. Arnold, of Providence, who has recently returned from South America, met with the venerable inca, who is ninety years of age. He found him sitting in the shadow of the Temple of the Sun, reading Tasso.—*N. Y. Mirror*.

From the N. Y. Tribune.

IT CANNOT LAST.

It cannot last—this pulseless life,
This nightmare sleep that yields no rest;
The speeding time renews the strife
To tear with terror Europe's breast.

Repose is not for dungeon chains;
Peace cannot dwell 'mid armies vast;
Content comes not with hunger-pains;
The seeming's false—it cannot last.

Though north and west and east and south
No crimson flag provokes the blast—
Though sealed is Freedom's trumpet mouth,
And quenched her fires—it cannot last.

Though frightened men in frenzy turn
To seek for safety in the past—
From moss-grown tomb and mouldering urn
Demanding life—it cannot last.

Though Despotism bids the sun
To stand at midnight's zenith fast,
Nor rise till vengeance dire be done
On all his foes—it cannot last.

Returning life, returning light,
Bring courage for that conflict vast,
With energy for years of strife
Unwasted yet, **IT CANNOT LAST!**
New York, Nov. 6, 1849.

RED FLAG



OFF THE TRACK.

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From the Edinburgh Review.

1. *Die Chemische Forschungen auf dem Gebiete der Agricultur und Pflanzenphysiologie.* Von EMIL THEODOR WOLFF. 8vo. pp. 549. Leipzig: 1847.
2. *Précis Élémentaire de Chimie Agricole.* Par le Docteur F. SACC, Professeur à la Faculté des Sciences de Neuchâtel (Suisse.) 8vo. pp. 420. Paris: 1848.
3. *Mémoire sur les Terrains Ardennais et Rhénan de l'Ardenne, du Rhin, du Brabant et du Condroz.* Par ANDRÉ DUMONT, Professeur de Géologie à l'Université de Liège—Extrait du tome xx. et du tome xxii. des Mémoires de l'Académie Royale de Belgique. 4to. pp. 613.
4. *Geological and Agricultural Survey of the State of Rhode Island, made under a resolve of the Legislature in the year 1839.* By CHARLES T. JACKSON, M. D. 8vo. pp. 312. Providence: 1840.
5. *The present State of Agriculture in its Relations to Chemistry and Geology.* A lecture delivered before the Royal Agricultural Society, at the meeting in York. By Professor JOHNSTON. From the Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, vol. ix., part 1. London: 1848.
6. *Contributions to Scientific Agriculture.* By JAMES F. W. JOHNSTON, M.A., F.R.S.L. L. & E., F.G.S., &c. 8vo. pp. 231. London and Edinburgh: 1849.
7. *On the Use of Lime in Agriculture.* By JAMES F. W. JOHNSTON, F.R.S.S. L. & E., &c. Fcap. 8vo. pp. 282. London and Edinburgh: 1849.

SUPPOSE an intellectual foreigner, previously unacquainted with Great Britain, with the character of its people, or with its social condition, to be informed that they occupied a small and remote corner of Europe, shrouded for many months of the year in fogs and mists, and seldom and briefly visited by the fervid sun, and that they raised from it with cost and difficulty the means of subsistence for their rapidly increasing numbers:—but that nevertheless, their legislature, though one in which the landowners were predominant, had recently thrown open their harbors to all comers, and trusting to their superior energy, perseverance, and skill, had invited the most fertile and favored regions of the globe to a free competition in their own grain markets—how would such a man admire the open boldness—how respect the determination of such a people, and long to study not only their character and habits, but the modes of culture practised with such success in a country so little favored by nature!

And were he actually to come among us, it would be easy for him, having started from the Land's End, to proceed from one warm-hearted and hospitable farmer to another, till the Pentland Firth arrested his course;—and all his journey long he might converse with cultivators of ardent minds, full of general as well as practical knowledge, who refused to despond, while they saw so much everywhere around them awaiting the hand of the improver—who, differing widely from each other in political opinion, or on the absolute pol-

icy of recent fiscal regulations, yet agreed in feeling that new difficulties only demand new exertions—and that to resolute men, the conquest of the stubborn land is as sure as the dominion of the sea.

On quitting the British shores, after such a tour, our imaginary foreigner would carry with him a true impression of the flower of English and Scottish agriculturists; and his original estimate of the skill of these island farmers, of their manliness and firmness, would only be strengthened by his actual survey.

But if, instead of being carried along, by his friends or his letters, where the best men and the most skilful culture were to be seen, he should fall into a less known and beaten way, and turning into the by-paths of our rural districts, were to quarter himself on the less instructed class of farmers—among whom are many who hold large breadths of land—how ill would the depression and despondency and ignorance of many he now met with agree with his pre-conceived opinions and glowing anticipations! What he had admired as a resolute, far-seeing determination, he would here be taught to regard only as the most culpable rashness; and what he had ascribed to large knowledge and confidence in approved skill, he would now be told to attribute to the temperament of over sanguine men, ignorant of what practical agriculture can effect at present, and of what it can ever reasonably hope hereafter to perform. How different the estimate of the character, the skill, and the social state of the country, which this second tour would leave with him, from that which we suppose him to have carried away from the other!

It may be that our former class of cultivators are, in some things, too credulous and venturesome; but most certainly the latter class are too desponding; and underrate, generally from want of knowledge, the command which existing skill might win for them over the difficulties in which they feel or fancy themselves to be placed.

To many, indeed, it may seem strange that in a country like ours, which, as a whole, certainly stands at the head of European agriculture, so much ignorance should prevail in regard to the principles of the rural arts—even in the best cultivated districts, and among farmers of the first or leading rank. But the truth is that a few individuals in each county set the example to the rest; make the first trials, run the first risks, and establish the successive improvements. The major part live upon the wits of these men; advance by the help of their knowledge, and adopt the experiments which they have tested. And thus the entire district no doubt advances, while the whole body of farmers obtain the credit of understanding what each of them comes at last to practise.

It must, indeed, always be so, in every art. All may learn how to do a given piece of work; but only a few will understand the principles on which the several steps in the process depend, or will be able to explain how the process must be altered

when circumstances alter, or when a change in the market renders necessary a corresponding change in the article to be produced. The true intellectual character, therefore, of British agriculture—the soul and spirit of it—is only to be seen in that upper class of men, among whom we supposed our foreigner to have gone in the first instance. They form the locomotive, by which the heavy rural train is slowly dragged ahead—and which so stoutly snorts against, and battles with, the steepest gradients!

It is not wonderful that practical men, who have never learned to take this humbling view of their own apparent skill, should undervalue the aids of the very science which, *unknown to themselves*, has really made them what they are. It has so often happened in ordinary experience that failure has attended the farming of mere men of books and science, from the want of business habits, and of a prudent conduct of their affairs; while such prudent conduct, with ordinary observation and some skill in bargaining, has so often made a farmer thrive—that book knowledge has often been driven to the wall, and the value of practice above science immeasurably extolled, where rent had to be paid. In the mean time, the real state of the question is overlooked:—Assume the same prudence, energy, and business skill in both cases; and then the man who knows the principles of his art the best, will, under the same circumstances, unquestionably make the most money. While we ask, therefore, for more instruction, we stipulate for no less prudence than before.

As often as farmers of merely local skill, (and most of our best practical men are, as we have shown, entitled to no higher character,) shift to new counties, where other soils and other customs prevail, their local knowledge, to their frequent loss and mortification, is found to fail them. They presume, in their shallow self-sufficiency, that what they did elsewhere must succeed everywhere; and that the local practice of the districts they have left will yield as large or even larger profits in these to which they have come.

We had the opportunity, a few months ago, of attending an agricultural meeting on the borders of the fen land of Huntingdon, where the Direct Northern Railway runs across the bog which quakes around Whittlesea Mere. At this meeting one of the most noted farmers of the district, in commenting upon the alleged superior skill of his Scottish brethren, so often, he said, cast in their teeth, stated, that in his recollection no less than six and twenty Scottish farmers had come to settle in that country; and all had failed except one, who was still under trial. The same result, in so many instances, can scarcely be accounted for by any cause less general than this;—skilful cultivators as they might have been at home, they had been unable to discriminate between the character of the soil and climate which they had left, and that of the soil and climate to which they had removed; and consequently they had undervalued the many local adaptations to those peculiar circum-

stances, which long experience had introduced among the native farmers.

In fact, an inspection of the heavy soils of Huntingdon and the adjoining counties, which rest upon and are mainly derived from the Oxford clay, will at once explain to a person who has examined the surface of the northern half of the island, why Scottish farmers, introducing unmodified Scottish practices, should fail, in these quarters, to cultivate with a profit. To say nothing of differences of climate, it is enough that in all Scotland there are no clay soils which at all resemble the clays of these counties—none so difficult and expensive to work, so stubborn under the plough, so susceptible to rain and drought; in which the *tide*—the time between too wet and too dry—is so short, and which in their present state require such special methods and so large a force to work. Under circumstances so new to them, it is not wonderful, therefore, that men, locally skilful, and yet unprovided with principles to guide them, should have miscarried in adapting their home methods to these new conditions. How much more generally useful would that measure of prudence and practical skill, which is almost necessarily acquired by every settled member of the agricultural community, become, were such principles universally diffused among them!

But while apprehension and despondency, whether arising from defective knowledge or from other causes, are disturbing the minds of so many, not only of the occupiers, but of the owners of land, it is of consequence to inquire—from what sources relief and hope are to be looked for? and, apart from fiscal regulations, what our own hands and heads can do, to uphold, as in times past, the prosperity of the agricultural interest, and the comfort of our rural population?

A pamphlet recently published by Mr. Caird, a Wigtonshire farmer,* discusses this question in a practical, though too limited sense. His position, that high-farming is the best substitute for protection, is well illustrated by the results of the actual management of a farm of two hundred and sixty acres on the estate of Colonel M'Douall, of Logan, in Wigtonshire. The improvements consisted of drainage, judicious grain-cropping, more extended stock-feeding, and high manuring; and, within a time not specified, they have increased the produce fourfold;—"amply sufficient," it is stated, "to pay the increased annual expenditure, and leave a rich return for the tenant's capital and enterprise besides."

Supposing two thirds of the whole improvable land of Great Britain, and nine tenths of that of Ireland, to be neither drained, according to our more perfect methods, nor subjected to the greater pressure of high-farming, over this proportion of the two islands the rents of land and the profits of the cultivator might be kept up to at least their present state, by the universal adoption of the more skilful and improved culture described by Mr.

* High-farming, under liberal Covenants, the best Substitute for Protection. Blackwood: 1849.

Caird. It must, therefore, be the interest of all persons connected with agriculture, and especially of the owners of such land, to encourage the extension of this improved system, and by every means to diffuse the knowledge on which the profitable practice of the system depends.

But more than this must be done. For the comfort and fair encouragement of all parties we must not stop here. If prices are to be permanently lowered, both for corn and cattle, it may be feared that improvements which were profitable under the old prices will not be so under the new. And, further, if the Lothians and Lincolnshire, and the best parts of all our other counties be *already* highly farmed, Mr. Caird's substitute for protection will not avail *them*. They not only cultivate well already, but they pay rents in proportion; and, unless there is some way for them to advance further still, both the rents of the owners and the profits of the cultivators of our most important districts must certainly fall. It is not, therefore, to high farming, in the abstract sense, that we can look for the general and permanent support of our national agriculture. It is only by the general introduction of improvements upon existing methods, on rich land as well as on poor, on the high-farmed as well as on the low-farmed, that the actual condition of all who depend on land is to be bettered, or indeed maintained. We must raise more corn and cattle on the same surface, or we must raise the same quantities at a less cost.

And how is either of these things to be done?

As in all the other arts by which this country has attained to eminence, it must be by the application of more skill. If the United States of America are now beating us out of any of our old markets, it is not that they possess more energy than we do, more industry, or more intelligence, or have cheaper labor; but because, from their earnest competition, they have in these cases been more attentive to avail themselves of the daily discoveries of science, and have accordingly so far succeeded in producing better or cheaper articles.

It is from the aids of science, hitherto so much undervalued, that British agriculture is to draw new strength. If other nations have outstripped her in any art, she, by the use of the same means, may surely outstrip her present self. She has only to carry out a little more zealously and generously into agriculture the system by which her other manufacturing arts have been raised to their present height; and the numerous cases of individual distress which all fiscal and social changes involve—and which, we may add, all great national triumphs bring along with them—will be swallowed up and disappear beneath the swelling tide of general prosperity.

But what has science yet done for practical agriculture to justify this opinion concerning its future use? This is a question which is still asked, notwithstanding all that has not only been written but performed of late years, showing the relations of science to practical husbandry in its largest sense. The works, of which the titles are

placed at the head of this article, afford us the materials for a satisfactory reply.

Our readers are aware that botany, physiology, geology, meteorology, and mechanics, all lay claim, and with much justice, to the honor of having greatly benefited general husbandry and those concerned in it. But during the last twenty years Chemistry has taken the lead in explaining the processes and illustrating the principles on which the practice of agriculture depends. During this period its materials have been gradually accumulating; and, when collected, systematized, and applied, as in the writings of Liebig, Boussingault, Johnston, and others, they form the wide and important branch called *agricultural chemistry*. Our limits make it impossible for us to illustrate and compare the claims of all the sciences we have named. We shall, therefore, now confine ourselves to the more palpable benefits which chemistry has already bestowed upon the agriculturist, and which it is to be presumed are but samples of what it may have still in store for him.

In a former article in this journal we drew attention to the systematic works upon agricultural chemistry which up to that time had been published—those of Lord Dundonald, Davy, de Saussure, Sprengel, Liebig, (the great author and guide of the movement still in progress,) Johnston, and Boussingault—and we gave a general sketch of the then known relations of this science to the various branches of rural practice. The chemical works we have placed at the head of the present article are such as have appeared since that time; and it is to some of the new matter contained in them that we now propose to address ourselves.

The "Contributions to Scientific Agriculture," being the most recent of these publications, comprises, as the introduction to the work informs us, a portion of the results of the researches which have been carried on in the laboratory of the author during the last five or six years; and a rapid glance over its table of contents will show us how widely chemistry enters into the various departments of rural life. It performs a part, indeed, in almost every process—throws light upon every appearance—explains the qualities and uses of all the materials which the husbandman works with or produces, and aims at removing the greater part of the difficulties which lie in his way. The culture of the land, the manuring of the crops, their value when reaped, the feeding and treatment of stock, the manufacture and management of butter and cheese, have all been made the subjects of analytical investigation in the laboratory; and the practical applications of the results of numerous investigations of this kind are presented to us in the pages now before us.

It is not our intention to advert to any of the subjects of purely theoretical interest which are discussed in these pages. But we propose to select, under the several branches of agriculture, one or two points of a positive and material kind, such as will illustrate *the money value of science to practical agriculture*.

The true and extensive money value of science to general husbandry is neither understood nor acknowledged. When, eight or nine years ago, the popular and most valuable work of Liebig drew the attention of practical men to the relations of chemistry to agriculture, their minds became suddenly filled with obscure and undefined expectations of some great, visible, and immediate good they were to derive from this relationship. Every man's visions were shaped according to his own knowledge and wants; but they were all equally vague. When a certain number of years had passed, and extravagant hopes had not been realized, a violent reaction set in; and, as is usual in such cases, we were told that nothing had been done. Yet all the while a great deal had really been done, and was doing. Analytical researches were gradually shedding light upon practical operations in every direction; and it is the immediate pecuniary profit, consequent on some of these researches, which we are now desirous of making intelligible to our readers.

First. The proportion of nitrogen* contained in different kinds of vegetable food, is a question which is connected with numerous and various economical considerations. This will appear by a statement of the opinion at present entertained concerning the relation of nitrogen to the sustenance of animal life.

Among the parts of the living animal, the muscles occupy an important place, not merely in bulk, but in reference also to the health and strength of the body. The muscles contain nitrogen; and, besides a little fat, are mainly composed of a substance, to which, because of its stringy or fibrous nature, chemists give the name of *fibrin*. Now this fibrin is almost identical, in chemical characters and composition, with the white of eggs, (albumen,) with the curd of milk, (casein,) with the gluten† of wheat, and with certain similar substances which exist in beans, peas, barley, oats, potatoes, turnips, cabbage, and, in fact, in almost every vegetable esculent, in greater or less proportion. All these substances contain nearly the same per centage of nitrogen, and are distinguished by the general name of *protein compounds*.

It is now ascertained that, when vegetable food is introduced into the stomach, the gluten, albumen, &c., which it contains, is dissolved and extracted from it, conveyed from the stomach into the blood, and by the circulating blood carried to those parts of the body in which, owing to the natural waste, or to the demands of animal growth, the muscles require to be renewed or enlarged. The power of a vegetable substance, therefore, to increase or sustain the muscles of an animal, depends materially on the quantity of these protein compounds it contains—or on the quantity of nitrogen by which that of the protein compounds is

indicated and measured. It must be of importance, therefore, to know how much of these compounds, or, in other words, how much nitrogen, different vegetable productions usually contain—how far the usual proportion is subject to variation—upon what circumstances such variation depends—and how far it is within the reach of human control. Such questions have obviously an intimate relation to the actual money value of food in the rearing and nourishment of animals; and a few illustrations will show how chemistry has recently occupied itself in solving them.

It is the object of chemical research not merely to explain known facts, but to remove misapprehensions and correct erroneous opinions. The recent determinations of the proportion of nitrogen contained in wheat have served both these purposes. Thus it was long asserted and believed, that the wheat of warm climates always contained more nitrogen, and was consequently more nutritive and of higher money value, than the wheat of our more temperate countries. But later researches have corrected this hasty deduction, and have placed our home wheat in its proper position, economical and nutritive, as compared with the wheat of India, of Southern Australia, or of the Black Sea.

Again: the British miller usually requires a portion of foreign wheat to mingle with our native grain, both to make it grind more easily, and to satisfy the baker with a flour which will stand much water. The pastry-cook, and the macaroni maker, also demand of him a flour which will make a peculiarly adhesive dough. These several qualities were supposed to be inherent only in wheat which abounded, in an uncommon degree, in gluten, and which was produced under specially favorable conditions of soil and climate. Modern chemistry has the merit of gradually removing these misapprehensions, and of directing us to the true causes of all such differences.

So in regard to the superior amount of muscle-forming matter supposed to exist in wheat in comparison with other kinds of native grain, such as the oat. Experience had long taught the Scotch that oats, such as they grow in their climate, are a most nutritious food; but the habits of the more influential English, and the ridicule of a prejudiced lexicographer, were beginning to make them ashamed of their national diet. Chemistry has here stepped in; and, by her analysis of both, has proved not only that the oat is richer in muscle-forming matter than the grain of wheat, but that oatmeal is, in all respects, a better form of nourishment than the finest wheaten flour.

But what is more, chemistry has brought us acquainted with the value of parts of the grain formerly considered almost as waste. The husk or bran of wheat, for example, though given at times to pigs, to millers' horses, and other cattle, was usually thought to possess but little nutritive virtue in itself. Analysis, however, has shown it to be actually richer in muscular matter than the white interior of the grain. Thus the cause of its answering so well as food for cattle is

* Nitrogen is a kind of air which forms about four fifths of the bulk of our atmosphere.

† When wheaten flour is made into dough, and this dough is washed with water upon a sieve as long as the water is rendered milky, an adhesive sticky mass remains on the sieve, to which chemists give the name of gluten.

explained; and it is shown that its use in bread (whole-meal bread) must be no less nutritive than economical.

The true value of other kinds of food is also established by these inquiries. Cabbage is a crop which, up to the present time, has not been a general favorite in this country, either in the stall or for the table, except during early spring or summer. In North Germany and Scandinavia, however, it appears to have been long esteemed; and various modes of storing it for winter use have been very generally practised. But the cabbage is one of the plants which has been chemically examined, in consequence of the failure of the potato, with the view of introducing it into general use; and the result of the examination is both interesting and unexpected. When dried so as to bring it into a state in which it can be compared with our other kinds of food, (wheat, oats, beans, &c.,) it is found to be *richer in muscular matter than any other crop we grow*. Wheat contains only about 12 per cent., and beans 25 per cent.; but dried cabbage contains from 30 to 40 per cent. of the so-called protein compounds. According to our present views, therefore, it is pre-eminently nourishing. Hence, if it can but be made generally agreeable to the palate, and easy of digestion, it is likely to prove the best and easiest cultivated substitute for the potato; and no doubt the Irish kolcannon (cabbage and potatoes beat together) derives part of its reputation for the great muscle-sustaining power of the cabbage—a property in which the potato is most deficient.

Further, it is of interest—of national importance, we may say—that an acre of ordinary land will, according to the above result, produce a greater weight of this special kind of nourishment in the form of cabbage than in the form of any other crop. Thus, twenty tons of cabbage—and good land will produce, in good hands, forty tons of drum-head cabbage on an imperial acre—contain fifteen hundred pounds of muscular matter; while twenty-five bushels of beans contain only four hundred pounds; as many of wheat only two hundred, twelve tons of potatoes only five hundred and fifty, and even thirty tons of turnips only a thousand pounds. The preference which some farmers have long given to this crop, as food for their stock and their milch-cows, is accounted for by these facts; while, of course, they powerfully recommend its more general cultivation as food for man.

We may add, while speaking of cabbage, that it is known to be so exhausting to many soils, that wheat will scarcely grow after an abundant crop of it. It springs up indeed, but yields little straw, and early runs to a puny ear, containing little grain. But the same analysis, which shows the value of the cabbage crop, shows also what it takes from the soil; and explains therefore the kind of exhaustion produced by it, by what special applications this exhaustion is to be repaired, and how repaired at the least cost.

Again:—In many parts of our island furze or

gorse grows up an unheeded weed, and luxuriates in favorable spots without being applied to any useful purpose. In other districts, however, it is already an object of valuable though easy culture, and large breadths of it are grown for the feeding of stock, and yield profitable returns. Chemical researches show its nutritive property to be very great. Of muscle-building materials it contains when dry as much as thirty per cent., and is therefore in this respect superior to beans, and inferior only to the cabbage. Under these circumstances we can no longer doubt the conclusions at which some experimental feeders had previously arrived, nor the advantage which might be obtained from the more extensive cultivation of gorse on many poor and hitherto almost neglected soils.

The history of the Tussac grass is familiar to most persons. A native of the Falkland Islands, where it grows in the large tufts or tussacs from which it derives its name, it is described as fattening in an extraordinary manner the stock, and especially the horses, which graze upon it. Some of the seeds which have been lately imported into this country having vegetated, the grown-up plants have been analyzed; and it was found “that the proportion of muscle-forming ingredients in the dried grass is as great as in the best samples of wheat, oats, or barley, and therefore that the grass is of a very nutritious character.” Thus its alleged feeding qualities are confirmed; and we may look forward to seeing it, on further trial, domesticated in Great Britain.

The money value of the above investigations is obvious enough—and we do not dwell upon them. But the same branch of chemical inquiry deals with questions of a larger and higher kind. We shall quote one or two illustrations of this from the materials before us.

Among the articles imported in great quantity into this country are the oily seeds of flax, rape, mustard, &c., for the use of the oil-crusher—and the refuse or cake from foreign oil-mills, for the feeding of cattle. The importance of this cake, whether of home or of foreign manufacture, either as a manure, or as food for cattle, is now well known. But chemical analysis has shown that its efficiency is owing to the large proportion of muscular matter it contains, in addition to the oil which still remains in it. It has further shown that all oily seeds, almost without exception, are equally rich in this kind of matter; and thus a common value has been given to the refuse-cake of whatever seeds and nut-kernels are crushed for oil. The experience of practical farmers would long have wandered in uncertainty, and have often battled with prejudice in vain, before it could have satisfied the agricultural body at large of the truth of what this analysis has at once conclusively and directly proved. In the mean time some of these cakes had almost disappeared, by name at least, from the market. Poppy-seed cake was suspected of soporific qualities. Accordingly, in this country it had till lately sold at a very low price—about one half the price of foreign linseed cake, and indeed was

chiefly used as a manure. But this delusion is now dispelled; and the difficulty of procuring it in our home markets is accounted for by its being mixed up with other cakes, and sold under another name.

New oil-cakes, too, have come into demand; and the same analyses which show their value as food, show also their value as manures. Hence the refuse of seeds, which for special reasons cannot be used for food, have found a ready sale among the traffickers in manures. Those of the castor-oil bean, of the purging nut, (*Jatropha purgans*), and even of the *Croton tiglium*, which yield the acrid croton oil, have obtained access to our markets; and form at once new articles of import and of traffic with other countries, and new means of improvement to our island husbandry. We save, also, for the use of man, what has hitherto been wasted as worthless.

Other consequences have followed. The best cakes being high in price, and their composition being known by analysis, it was asked—cannot an artificial substitute be manufactured, equally good as food, and of less money cost? Cannot the several materials for forming muscle and fat be separately procured at a lower price, and put together into another compound, at a cheaper rate than is paid for the costly oil-cake? A paper in the "Contributions" contains several recipes for compounding such artificial cakes; and manufactories for their preparation have already been established, in consequence, in various quarters. In this manner chemical inquiries are constantly giving birth to new arts; by means of which not only are new productions brought into the market, but old ones, with which they come into competition, are cheapened to the buyer.

Chemistry is obviously in close alliance with commerce. Every one is familiar with the employment of caoutchouc, with the innumerable uses lately found for vulcanized India rubber and for gutta percha, and with the large importations of both which in consequence have taken place. The trade in articles of human food is equally indebted to chemical science. Egypt has long furnished corn to Europe, and Egyptian beans are a staple article in our markets. But Egypt, Turkey, and India raise largely a kind of grain which in this country is comparatively little known.—The Darra, Durra, or Dhoora, is a very prolific plant, yielding a small seed, from which a perfectly white flour is prepared, and from which the inhabitants of the Upper Nile make a native beer. A quantity of the seed, lately brought into this country, could find no sale, till chemistry had replied to the questions—what is its nutritive quality? what grain does it most resemble? for which of our common kinds of food may it be substituted, and in what proportion?—since, on the answers to these inquiries depended the price which should be paid for it. The answer is, that "it has a nutritive quality about equal to that of the average of our samples of wheaten flour; is void of sensible color, taste, or smell, and may therefore be ground up with wheat without any

injury to the quality of the flour; and in its natural state it may be used with advantage in feeding cattle and poultry." This answer, accordingly, assigns the Darra its distinct place as a commercial article; and thousands will be benefited by it, to whom the term chemistry is scarcely known, and to whom it would be almost impossible to convey an idea of the meaning of a chemical analysis. The same is the case in regard to Guinea corn—which is grown extensively in Barbadoes and in other of our West India islands—and to the sweet quinoa, the native food of Peru and Western Mexico. Their nutritive quality has been determined from samples imported for trial, their degree of adaption to our market pointed out, and their true economical and commercial value indicated.

With respect to the plantain, the native food of another large portion of the earth, especially of the islands and shores of the Carribean Sea and of the Gulf of Mexico, a still more interesting question has been raised. In Dutch Guiana, which lies on the north-east corner of South America, it formed almost the entire subsistence of the field negroes. But in this colony it was ascertained by statistical returns that the slave population was diminishing at the rate of nearly two per cent. (1.77) per annum; and this rapid decrease was by some ascribed to the food on which they lived. Its nourishing qualities were suspected. The problem could be adequately solved by chemical analysis only; and the indications of these analyses are thus expressed:—"In the tropical climate of Guiana, there is no reason to believe that the plantain, eaten in the quantity in which the slaves of Guiana consume it, is deficient in any degree in necessary nourishment, where the ordinary exertion of which a man is capable in such climates is alone required." But "if the amount of labor exacted be equal to that performed by an able-bodied willing laborer in Europe, the amount of sustaining food given to the slave ought to be so also. However true it may be, therefore, that in ordinary circumstances, and when only submitted to ordinary fatigue, the kind and quantity of food given to the negroes of Surinam may be sufficient to sustain their health and strength, yet if, by means of the lash or any other extraordinary stimulus, they are made to perform more than an equivalent amount of labor, the plantain food given them may prove insufficient, and the population may diminish in a certain sensible ratio from this cause alone."—*Contributions*, p. 154. Thus the dilemma was shown to be only shifted. If the planter was relieved from the responsibility of this mortality in one form, it was to charge him with it in another. The food of the negro had become deficient, in consequence of the excess of labor exacted from him.

We may advert for a moment, before quitting this part of our subject, to a domestic question, which has been sometimes made a political one. When it is looked at from a more reasonable point of view, it will be seen that one of the main ele-

ments for deciding it must be derived from chemistry. The use of Malt in feeding cattle has recently occupied much of the public attention, and the profit of malting barley, before giving it to stock, has been very much extolled. Now, it has been ascertained by chemico-physiological inquiries that a substance, when introduced into the stomach of an animal, may perform one or both of two functions. It may contribute directly, and in proportion to its weight, to the sustenance of the animal, or it may assist the solution, digestion, and consequent usefulness of other food consumed along with it.

In so far as the first or direct feeding quality is concerned, it appears that barley is clearly more valuable than the quantity of malt it yields; inasmuch as this grain loses from ten to twelve per cent. of its weight during the process of malting, of which loss six or seven per cent. consist of substances of a highly nutritive kind. Thus far the laboratory is favorable to the minister who seeks to retain the duty on malt. On the other hand, however, it is equally certain that malt possesses a remarkable power of aiding the solution of vegetable food in the stomach, and consequently of facilitating digestion. Food mixed with it, therefore, goes further—from the digestive organs being enabled to extract more perfectly whatever can contribute to the sustenance of the body. Malt owes this property to a substance which is produced in it in small quantity during the process of sprouting—the first step in the manufacture of malt. In this particular, therefore, chemistry makes out the superiority of malt to barley, and supports the practical feeder in recommending it as a food for stock. But this case, as most others, is one of proportion. The solvent power of good malt is found to be so great, that one tenth of it mixed with other dry food, or one twentieth with moist food, like potatoes, is sufficient to produce the chemical effect on which its usefulness in the process of digestion depends. Hence the stock farmer who was free to do with his grain as he pleased would malt only this one tenth of his barley—supposing him to be about to consume all his own barley, and to feed with that grain alone—and would thus incur only one tenth of that loss of weight or substance which, as we have seen, barley undergoes during its conversion into malt. How far the duty on malt interferes with the general market of the barley-grower, or whether it would be worth his while to agitate, for the sake of the duty now payable on the trifling proportion of the grain which he would retain in the shape of malt to feed his cattle with, are questions which chemistry, of course, does not pretend to determine.

Secondly. Let us now briefly turn to the subject of Manures. As regards guanos and similar substances, the services of analytical chemistry to agriculture are at present pretty well understood. It is this branch of science which has established numerous manufactories of artificial manures in so many places; and it is by its aid alone

that the absolute and comparative worth—the real money value of the products of these manufactories—can be tested and ascertained. On points so universally acknowledged, therefore, we need not dwell—though the merits of chemistry in reference to them alone ought to have secured to it a much higher consideration with the agricultural community, than has yet been conceded to it, for all the benefits it has conferred upon them. We will take an illustration rather from a subject in which chemistry and geology have played into each other's hands, and have entitled themselves, though in unequal shares, to the gratitude of the farmer.

Descriptive geology had recorded that in the deposits of what is called The Crag—and in those of the Greensand, which in our southern counties skirt the chalk on its southern and eastern borders—calcareous-looking nodules of various sizes, often including shells or corals, were not unfrequently met with. Chemistry applied its tests to these nodules; and as a matter of interest recorded that they consisted in large proportion—sometimes to the extent of sixty per cent.—of phosphate of lime, derived, no doubt, from the remains of animals which had been entombed in these ancient beds of rock.*

But by and by, as the composition of *plants* became better known, chemistry said—"Inasmuch as phosphate of lime being always present in, must be indispensable to, the growth of plants; and, inasmuch as bones seem to owe a part of their efficacy, when applied to the land, to the large proportion of this phosphate which they contain and yield to the roots of plants, it is probable that the mineral phosphate such as is found in these nodules, if brought near the roots in an available form, might produce a similar fertilizing effect." Sprengel was the first, we believe, to whom this idea occurred. He made the first experiment with the mineral phosphate, which is now known to mineralogists by the name of Apatite; and, as he states, with considerable success. But the scarcity of the substance at the time prevented it from being of any real advantage to the farmer as a manure.

It is only within these few years that it has been discovered that the nodules, of which we have spoken as occurring in the Crag, were to be met with in some places in sufficient quantity to allow of their being dug up at a cheap rate: and it is little more than two years since they were first found in the Greensand in such quantity as to promise to be of use. But the trials which have been recently made with these nodules (after being crushed and dissolved by means of sulphuric acid, as is now

* When phosphorus is burned in the air, it gives off white fumes, which are called by chemists *phosphoric acid*. The white smoke which rises from a lucifer match, when first kindled, is due to the burning of phosphorus, and consists of this phosphoric acid. When united to lime, this acid forms *phosphate of lime*. Bones, when burned, leave a bulky white ash, weighing about half as much as the original bone. This bone-earth consists chiefly of phosphate of lime, which, therefore, exists largely in the bodies of animals possessed of bones. It is found also to exist in the bodies of all other animals.

so generally done with bones,) have been so successful, that manufactories of what is called *super-phosphate of lime* have sprung up, in which considerable capital is invested, greatly to the profit of both makers and consumers. There are at present many persons engaged, and in many countries, in searching for these nodules, wherever deposits like those of the crag or greensand rocks occur, and in inquiring whether other geological formations may not also contain them—so that it is impossible to assign a limit to the general gain to agriculture which may ultimately follow from this one investigation.

An examination of the beds of marl, in which the greensand nodules are frequently found, has proved that they also contain phosphate of lime, sometimes in considerable abundance, distributed through their entire mass. Immediately on such discovery, these marls rose in estimation. People now found out the reason of their having been often dug up by the neighboring farmers to lay upon their land. Where they had never been so used, their employment was recommended; and the peculiar and well recognized fertility of certain soils, which either rested on, or were formed from, or adjoined these marl beds, was at length satisfactorily accounted for.

In many other districts marls occur, by which the adjoining lands have been long known to be improved. Such are the marls which underlie the sandy surface of northern Norfolk, and which gave Mr. Coke the chief means of redeeming from their poverty-stricken state the thousands of acres he lived himself to see enriched. Such, also, are the marls which, in the form of nests and irregular layers of chalk drift, underlie the immediate surface of a large portion of the counties of Huntingdon and Bedford. Are there any phosphates in these marls? Do those of Norfolk owe any of their fertilizing virtue to the presence of mineral phosphate? These are questions which previous experience must now suggest to practical agriculturists; for science is a mistress who, in conferring one favor encourages her suitors to look for more, and shows them the way in which they are most likely to succeed.

But, in many other instances, chemistry and geology coöperate for the benefit of agriculture. The former says: "Springs which flow through the soil, or which naturally descend from higher ground, exercise the greatest influence upon vegetation. The substances which they hold in solution are sometimes the cause why particular applications, otherwise most useful, are in certain cases unnecessary, or even prejudicial." It therefore analyzes the waters. This is one of the duties which scientific agriculture now requires from chemistry, as much as boards of health. Accordingly, the complacent science compares the nature of the minerals and rocks through which they have come; when it finds that waters which traverse aqueous rocks contain soluble silicates—that mica slate springs contain silica and magnesia—that the streams which so often gush from lime-

stone rocks are charged with carbonate of lime, those from magnesian limestone or dolomites with sulphate of magnesia, from red sandstone formations with salt and gypsum, and from the Oxford clays with sulphate and carbonate of lime. Having performed its part of the appointed task, chemistry now hands over the practical agriculturist to descriptive geology; and she forthwith points out to him the places where these different varieties of rock occur; so that he may judge in what manner particular waters are likely to affect his soils, to influence his crops, or to modify the action of the mixtures he applies to aid their growth.

But the reciprocating sciences do not stop here. Geology then takes the initiative: "My greensand beds and my crag deposits are often rich in fossil phosphates. Will not the waters which pass through them be comparatively rich in phosphates, also? and may not such waters materially influence the agricultural value of the adjoining lands?" Thus chemistry is again set to work, and arrives at new results; the pecuniary profit of which the unconscious farmer by and by steps in to reap, without ever dreaming that the labor of others, either manual or mental, had been concerned in placing them within his reach.

Again: "Some of my clays," says Agriculture, "are greatly improved by the use of lime, while on others no perceptible good has followed from it."—"Where are they respectively situated?" asks Geology. Informed on this point, Geology observes, that "the London, the Plastic, and the Weald clays, which lime improves, are of a different geological age from the Oxford clay and its derivative soils, on which it is often applied without any sensible effect." Both then turn to Chemistry to learn the cause of the difference in question. And her analysis speedily tells them that the Oxford clay often contains one fourth of its weight of finely divided chalky matter, or carbonate of lime, and requires, therefore, no further addition of what is truly understood to be a necessary ingredient of every fertile soil. In conclusion, an intelligent interpretation of the experience of the past is full of instruction on the course most profitably to be followed for the future.

The Use of Lime in Agriculture is the subject to which one of the books we have placed at the head of this article is especially devoted; and from the many illustrations this work affords, we will select one of a large and general kind.

It may be laid down as a universal principle, that in our climate a certain proportion of lime in the soil is necessary to bring out its full productive power. But as soils are generally derived from the rocks on which they rest—or from others at no great distance, geologically considered—the proportion of lime these rocks contain is a sufficient indication of the proportion which may be expected in the soils. That is to say, soils will not, in general, contain more lime than the rocks to which they belong; if the one is poor in lime, the other is likely to be poor also. Hence the analysis of the rocks of a district becomes of im-

portance to agriculture, as an index not only of the natural fertility of its soils, but also of the methods to be adopted in order to increase their productiveness. And, as rocks of the same kind often extend over very large areas, and are repeated at intervals more or less distant over the entire surface of the globe, it must frequently happen that the results deduced from a chemical examination of the rocks of one district will prove true of those of many other districts—the general composition of the natural soils will be the same, and the same practical conclusions will apply to them all.

Among other rocks, those commonly known by the names of whinstone and trap rocks, occur abundantly in Scotland; and the fertility of the soils formed from them is owing, in part, to the large percentage of lime which they contain. Again, the absence of lime in granitic rocks is one reason for the general unproductiveness of soils formed from them. The inferences of which we are speaking, must of course hold good of all other districts in which these several rocks occur, and which possess the same general composition.

But a more interesting case is that of the slate-rocks, (formerly called Grauwacke, and now distinguished as Silurian,) which cross the island from the Mull of Galloway to St. Abb's Head. This is a tract of poor country, cold and inhospitable, and, as yet, little frequented by agricultural improvers. A suite of specimens from the rocks of this district has been analyzed, with the following result: "The proportion of lime in the different beds of this formation, in the South of Scotland, is small. In general, as a consequence, the soils formed from them will be deficient in lime. In this the reason appears why, in practice, it has been found that the addition of lime is an almost indispensable preliminary to any successful and permanent improvement of the surface where these rocks prevail."

Over this large breadth of country no available beds of limestone are at present known to exist; and from our own observations on its western shores, improvement appears to have begun along the borders of the sea, and in the neighborhood of ports to which lime could be imported, as from Cumberland, from the Isle of Man, or from Ireland—and to have spread inland as far and as fast as roads were made to allow of its being easily transported into the interior. It is surely a merit in chemical science to have shown why such a practice has succeeded; and to have assigned a reasonable ground for recommending its general extension as almost indispensable, in a region like this, to the successful development of its agricultural capabilities.

We have said that the practical benefit of such a deduction is not limited to the tract of country in which it has primarily been made. It extends to all countries similarly constituted, or in which the rocks have the same general mineral and chemical characters. This, with certain exceptions, is very much the case with rocks of the same geolog-

ical age; and thus practical precepts like the above, when once recorded in our books, become part of the stock of chemico-agricultural truth, which is common to, and may be economically applied in, every country of the globe.

Take, for example, the memoir of Professor Dumont, of Liège, upon the Ardennes—a well-known tract of thinly peopled and poorly productive country, which stretches north-east from Mezieres, in France, to the Rhine, at Bonn, and according to some geologists, far into Westphalia. In reading the description of his Terrain Ardennais, one could almost fancy he was treating of the zone of southern Scotland to which we have just been referring.

"The greater part of the soil," he says, "is still barren. * * * Immense tracts are covered only with heath, fern, broom, and forests. The slaty parts present, in general, only deserts, dry or wet, covered with heath or with peat, according to their position. It is distinguished from the neighboring countries by the almost total absence of lime. * * * On its south-eastern extremity the plateau of the Ardennes is covered with a layer of clay, overlying chalk marl, which ameliorates the soil, and changes its character." The portion of the Ardennes to which the above description relates, is nearly of the same geological age as that of the southern slate country of Scotland; and the first steps towards agricultural improvement must be the same in both. The artificial application of lime has accordingly been found most advantageous in the one instance; while the natural admixture of marl in the other is seen to change and fertilize the soil. The researches of modern science, therefore, do not leave a doubt concerning the only prudent economical treatment of such a case.

But there is a host of lesser questions of a practical kind, in connection with the use of lime, on which chemistry has thrown a useful light.

Every one at all conversant with the history of agriculture is aware of the immense sums which are annually expended in the purchase of this substance; of the numerous misapplications of it which are constantly made; and of the injury which has resulted from such misapplications in every country of Europe. Hence the different opinions entertained concerning the purposes which lime serves in the land; the quantity which ought to be administered; the frequency with which it should be repeated; the amount of compensation which ought to be given to a retiring tenant who has limed his farm; and the ridiculous stipulations, in regard to all these points, which have made their way into leases and farm agreements.

Some of the greatest practical mistakes in the use of lime appear to have arisen from supposing that it acts primarily as a manure, properly so called, and that it is capable, in good husbandry, of taking the place of a manure. In describing the treatment to which he means to subject his land, a farmer will say that he means "to lime or manure" his land at such and such intervals; leases bind

tenants "to lime or manure" within certain fixed periods; and straw or hay is allowed to be sold off the farm on condition that so much lime or manure be brought on to the farm in return. Chemistry has shown the erroneous nature of the opinions which gave rise to such practices and prescriptions; how evil must follow from them; of what special kind this evil must be; and yet that, with a use of lime as liberal as before, the recurrence of such evils may be prevented. This, of itself, is a sufficiently intelligible money gift conferred by science upon the rural community.

Again, limestones are of use to the farmer, only according to the kind and amount of action they exercise on certain soils and crops. Experience had long shown this. The ancient Greek and Roman writers were aware of it; and, in our home districts, wherever a choice of limes exists, the farmer prefers one variety to another, because of a difference, real or fancied, in their effects upon his land. It was something to ascertain the nature and cause of these diversities; to explain, by analysis, the chemical differences between the limes from which such different effects followed; and thus to connect observation and science. But when practical men are at issue among themselves—when they cannot agree on the unknown qualities of a new variety of lime—when a prejudice exists against all the limes of a given district, in consequence of the mischief done by the lime of some particular lime-beds, or lime-works—chemistry has rendered the parties a still more obvious service. To the manifest advantage of both lime-burner and farmer, it is able rigidly to fix the absolute and relative values of each variety, and in every locality.

It is among the interesting consequences, by which all minute researches into nature are at once rewarded and encouraged, that the pursuit of one object almost invariably leads to the unlooked-for discovery of others—as the high road to a great city leads us past many mansions, opens up beautiful prospects, and brings us now and then to cross-roads where finger-posts indicate the way to places of which the very existence was previously unknown to us. The study of limestones, with a view to economical purposes only, would furnish us with instances in point. We will mention one of them, chiefly because of its close relation to the illustration we have already drawn from the mineral phosphates of the greensand and the crag.

In noticing these phosphates, we explained how essential they were for the production of bone in animals, and that to all plants they were a necessary of life; that therefore they must exist, to a certain extent, in the soil from which plants draw their mineral food; and that they constituted most valuable manures, accordingly, whenever any deficiency in respect of them had to be supplied.

Now, in analyzing limestones and burned lime, it has been discovered that a trace of this phosphate of lime exists in them all. In some it is merely a trace, in others it amounts to a sensible and practically useful proportion. One of the main benefits

which follow from burning limestones and slaking burned lime is, that the lime itself, being naturally reduced, or *falling* to an impalpable powder, can not only be extensively spread over and minutely mixed up with the soil, but is in a condition, also, to act more readily upon those ingredients of the soil which it is intended to influence. Of this minute subdivision the mineral phosphate contained in the lime necessarily partakes, by which means it goes further than a larger quantity applied in the grosser form of bone-dust, or in any of the other forms in which it has hitherto been usually laid on the land.

In so far, therefore, as they contain phosphate of lime, applications of quick-lime really act directly as manures; and since in some limes, even of the same geological age and position, this phosphate is *six times* more abundant than in others, we have arrived at an intelligible cause of the difference which different limes present, in the character of manures. To a soil naturally deficient in phosphates, and in districts where the artificial application of phosphates is unknown, the use of one of these limes rather than the other must be attended with important consequences.

Not only are such considerations economically useful to the practical man—in showing him how and what to select, and the relative money values of this or that variety—but they explain why in some places land will bear and pay for liming much longer than in others; why some soils remain long fertile without any artificial addition of phosphates; and how in some localities the rearing and breeding of stock, and the reaping of yearly corn, may be continued from generation to generation without apparent injury to the land.

One example, among the numerous perplexities of the farmer, we may venture to specify, as the statement we have just made enables us to explain it. Dairy husbandry has long prevailed in Cheshire. Now it has been ascertained that every milk cow robs the land annually of as much phosphate of lime as is present in eighty-two pounds of bone-dust. From being thus gradually despoiled of this valuable mineral, the Cheshire pastures have become less rich in nutritious herbage; and hence the peculiar benefit derived from boning them—a practice now so extensively and profitably introduced. But the Cheshire farmers found that after their land had been *limed*, bones were, to a great degree, a failure; while, conversely, some observed that, after a heavy boning, lime was not so immediately remunerative. The analysis of the soils and of the limes usually applied in that county, cleared up both appearances. The soil being poor, both in lime and in phosphoric acid—the two ingredients of bone-earth—was less grateful for the after application of lime, because the bones had already given it a certain dose of this substance; and, on the other hand, the soil was less remarkably affected by bones, because of the notable quantity of phosphoric acid which lime of a certain quality had previously conveyed to it.

The money value to practical men of an accu-

rate knowledge of calcareous substances, is strikingly illustrated by the fact that a few years ago a patent was obtained for the process of burning the shell-sand (sea-sand mixed with fragments of shells) which occurs so abundantly on the coasts of Cornwall and of the Western Isles. Plausible statements concerning the value of this burned sand as a manure were circulated and believed; and much money was wastefully expended in the purchase of it. The publication of an analysis of its contents by a competent authority at once destroyed the charm, and protected the farmer from further imposition—at least, in this particular.

Even the theoretical views of men of science in regard to fertilizing substances have often a direct bearing upon practice. In England we are fond of novelty; and we frequently yield our assent to scientific opinions when given forth with sufficient confidence, and expend our money in obedience to them. It is far from true that, by despising and neglecting science himself, the practical farmer escapes from its influence. The speculations of the men he underrates affect in an important degree the profits of his class notwithstanding. Of this we can now give a striking illustration. Analysis in the laboratory of the chemist had ascertained that ammonia exists in the atmosphere to a certain extent, and that plants always contain a quantity of mineral matter, derived from the soil. In the mean time experience had found in the field, that mineral substances, such as saltpetre, nitrate of soda, gypsum, common salt, &c., were often extremely beneficial when applied alone to our growing crops. Upon these facts, Liebig ventured boldly to propound two opinions—*first*, that the application to the soil of substances containing nitrogen was wholly unnecessary, because the ammonia of the atmosphere was sufficient to supply all they required of this ingredient;* and *next*, that a proper admixture of mineral substances was all that a manure need contain in order to render the land fertile for any crop. Thus mineral manures were strenuously recommended—alone, and for all soils. Proceeding upon the assumption that the rains are continually washing from the soil its mineral constituents in proportion as they became dissolved, he next concluded that the action of his mineral mixtures would be more permanent and efficient if, by some chemical process, they were rendered more sparingly soluble in water. Hence the origin of the patent manures called after his name. They profess to contain all the substances which the crops for which they are intended can require from the soil, and to contain them in a state in which the rains would not easily remove them.

The love of novelty, assisted by faith in a deservedly high name, has caused thousands of pounds to be spent in the manufacture of these manures, and many more thousands in the purchase of them; while even larger sums have been lost by the more or less partial failure of the crops they were intended to improve. It was in vain that

more cautious practitioners warned their brethren by their own experience; which the more complete and correct deductions of science have since confirmed and explained. Manures containing nitrogen are available in all soils in promoting luxuriance of growth; but the solubility of such substances as saltpetre and common salt, is one of the very properties on which their immediate and successful action upon plants depends. It required the successive crops of two harvests, however, to convince the parties of their imprudence.

These insoluble manures have now disappeared from the British markets; purely mineral mixtures, however, still retain an uncertain and temporary hold upon public favor. But two facts are sure to banish them from the list of fertilizing substances, which can generally be relied upon in all soils and for all crops. These are, *first*, that plants do really obtain and require from the soil certain forms of organic food; and, *secondly*, that all naturally fertile soils do contain a sensible proportion of such organic matter. Suppose a soil to be deficient in this organic matter, a purely mineral manure, however compounded, cannot supply it; and the application of such a manure upon such soils must be followed by a failure. But let it be naturally rich in such matter, and the mineral mixture may possibly be applied with a profit.

It must appear, therefore, how economically important it is to practical agriculture, that science should be steadily and cautiously prosecuted in its behalf; and that the best safeguard of the farmer's pocket is a knowledge of the scientific principles on which his art eventually rests. Without that knowledge, however much he may undervalue it, he is at the mercy of every rash hypothesis, and may be induced to expend his money upon the nostrums of mere money-seeking quack-salvers.

Thirdly. The Dairy and the feeding of stock form another general branch of husbandry, to which science has been of no less positive use, than to the two departments which, in the preceding pages, have principally engaged our attention. Indeed, this must have already struck the reader, from what we have said upon the subject of food, and from the brief allusion we have made to the specially exhausting effects of the dairy husbandry upon the soils of Cheshire, and the mode of repairing them which chemistry supplies.

In the case of dairy farms, the chemical examination of milk drawn from different animals, and under very varying circumstances, has provided us with a body of facts which admit of numerous profitable applications. Thus it is ascertained that the curd and the butter of milk correspond to the muscle and fat of the animal. Hence the reason why good milkers are generally poor in condition, and why the milk falls off when they begin to fatten. And as the curd and butter, like muscle and fat, are derived immediately from the food which the cow eats, and as we know the respective sources of these, we can in some measure control the proportion of each which the milk shall contain. If it is to be rich in butter, we select a

* The reader is, probably, aware that ammonia consists of the two gases, nitrogen and hydrogen.

food which, like linseed or linseed cake, is naturally rich in oil, or we mix other cheaper forms of fatty matter directly with the ordinary food. If curd (or cheese) is our object, we give food, such as beans and cabbage, which analysis has shown to be rich in gluten, or in some other of the so-called protein compounds. And if, while we are rearing calves, we wish to sell the milk which is high in price, we can, from our knowledge of the composition of milk, and of the various kinds of food at our command, provide an artificial substitute which will serve exactly the same purpose in feeding and rearing the calf, and yet cost less money than the sale of the milk brings in.

Our limits do not permit us to introduce other detailed illustrations of the uses of chemistry to the dairy. Why butter is hard or soft—how its quality is to be improved or maintained—how it is to be best preserved—why it becomes rancid, and how such a change is to be prevented—what takes place during the process of churning, what during that of natural or artificial curdling—what is the nature of rennet, and how it acts—in what manner we can prepare an artificial substitute for rennet which shall be easily made and constant in its composition, quality, and effect—how cheese should be salted—what kind of salt employed—why difficulties occasionally arise in the storing of cheese how they are to be overcome or prevented;—these, and many similar questions, are treated of in the works before us of the latest date. The mere enumeration of them is all that can be wanted to demonstrate how very extensive, and how practically and economically useful, are the applications of chemical science to the pursuits of the dairy farmer.

In our climate, the rearing and feeding of stock is scarcely second in importance, as a source of rural profit, to the growing of corn; and there are many who think that, under our altered fiscal regulations, it must and ought to become the more important of the two. It is certain that, so far as climatic conditions go, green crops appear to be more natural productions of our rainy islands than crops of corn. But, for the feeding of animals, science has done at least as much as for the culture and fertilizing of the land. The several purposes which are promoted by food have been investigated—what it must be fitted to serve if it is to keep an animal in a healthy condition—what is the composition of each of the more common kinds of food on which animals are nourished—how what is given to the animal must be adapted to its period of growth, to the purposes for which it is fed, (for work, for beef or mutton, for milk, for growth, &c.) and to the conditions of temperature, &c., in which it is placed—why one kind of food will keep an animal in condition for hard or fast work, while another makes him heavy, sleek, or fat—why the same kind of root crops are not always equally nutritive, what power we possess to increase their natural nutritive quality, or, when this quality is lower than usual, to bring it up to the natural standard—why green herbage is

more nutritious in its recent than in its dry state, and how the loss in drying is to be prevented—why new corn, wheat, beans or oats, are unwholesome food for a horse—why new oats make him greasy—why kiln-dried oats affect his kidneys—why hunters keep their condition better on the common Angus than on the potato oat, and why the meal of the former variety is a better support for the Scottish ploughman;—these are all questions which chemistry has taken up, and has succeeded in fully solving—or is confident in its ability to solve—and the least informed in practical matters must see how the solution of every one of these problems more or less directly affects the pecuniary interests of the holder or possessor of land. We might enumerate scores of other questions of a similar kind, which only scientific investigation can answer; and, as in the preceding part of this paper, we might illustrate, by numerous examples, the direct money value of such researches. But our limits compel us to refrain.

Fourthly. There is a fourth subject, not without its share of economical interest to the farmer, on which the volumes before us throw considerable light. All our manufactures produce Waste or Refuse materials, to which the progress of science gives a new value by discovering for them new uses. "Can any of them be of use to me?" Agriculture demands; "for what purposes can I employ them? and what price ought I to pay for them?" It is to Chemistry that we must suppose these questions put; for it is chemical analysis alone, which has the power of making a satisfactory reply.

When the principles on which the improvement of land is based are once fully understood—when the elementary substances are known, which are necessary to render a soil fertile, or to make a crop grow healthily and with luxuriance, and also their opposites—all we require to learn of any substance, with the view of determining whether or not it will form a useful application to the land, is, what it consists of, and in what state of combination its constituents exist. We can then pronounce with certainty whether it *can* be of any use to vegetation, and upon what soils and crops, and in what quantities, it is *likely* to produce the most beneficial effects. Chemical analysis, therefore, determines the value to the farmer of the refuse of the manufacturer, and upon such inquiries it has expended considerable time and minute attention.

The determination of such values involves two considerations—a chemical and an economical one. The chemical inquiry is—Does this substance contain anything which is likely to benefit the soil or the crop? and, further, What soils and what crops? The economical inquiry is, What is the worth of the refuse, calculated at the market price of the useful ingredients it contains? and, further, What is its worth to this or that farmer living at this or that distance from the manufactory, and having to transport it thither?

For instance, the refuse substance, though possessed of a certain money value on the spot where

it is produced, may lose that value when carried even to short distances; that is to say, the expense of conveying it a very few miles may make it a dearer application than a purer material would be more portable or nearer at hand. A simple illustration will make this plain. A farmer contracts with a gas company for all their white gas-lime, containing very little sulphur, for so many months, at sixpence a ton. This he carts six miles; and he thinks it much cheaper than the quick-lime which he can purchase at the lime-kiln, two miles from his farm, for five shillings a ton. But on a chemical examination, the gas-lime is found to contain half its weight of water: so that two tons contain only one of dry lime, for which, therefore, he pays a shilling. But, besides, the lime is found to be chiefly in the state of carbonate—the dry matter containing about two fifths—say only one third—of carbonic acid. Deducting this carbonic acid, we find that in three tons of the refuse there is only one of pure or quick-lime, which, therefore, costs the farmer eighteen-pence. If his return carts carry it home at the low rate of fourpence a ton per mile, each ton of pure lime will cost him a shilling a mile for carriage. On this supposition, its ultimate price will be seven-and-sixpence a ton when delivered on his farm. At the same rate of carriage the lime from the kiln would be laid upon his land for five shillings and eightpence a ton; and, being caustic, or newly burned, one half the quantity would produce an equally sensible effect. Thus the apparently cheaper material is in reality much the more costly of the two.

Many cases of this simple chemico-economical kind have come under our own notice; and they illustrate very intelligibly the way in which exceedingly simple chemical inquiries may bring about a great saving to the farmer. The study of waste materials, while it shows that some substances, though really containing what is valuable to the plant, will prove dear to the farmer at any price, has also shown that many other refuse materials, which have been hitherto thrown away or allowed to run to waste, might be collected with great profit for agricultural purposes.

We might proceed to another line of inquiry—the prevention of disease in plants and of destruction from the attacks of insects—on which, also, science has entered and made no small progress. But we must conclude our argument, which, cumulative in its nature, has already been sufficiently varied to meet the knowledge and to touch the experience of almost every reader. And we do think we may now venture to say that in the face of all our illustrations, it can no longer be said, with any degree of truth, that science is not of any direct money value to the practical farmer; and, if to him, then to the owners of land also from whom the farmer holds.

Half-read men are prone, in farmers' clubs and agricultural meetings, to exaggerate the importance of some trifling practical difficulty, and to lessen the value and usefulness of science—be-

cause, so far as they know, it either has not solved or cannot solve that difficulty. On the other hand, any one, who should declare that our present knowledge of this branch of applied science enables us already to solve every difficulty, would display as much rashness, and a degree of ignorance almost as inexcusable, as those who deny its intrinsic claims upon our consideration. A familiarity with the actual state of science will keep us from both extremes. There are still, no doubt, many points in regard to which our ignorance is very great; many more of which our knowledge is very imperfect; but the acknowledgment of this does not weaken the just pretensions of science to the intelligent gratitude of the agricultural community. It is at this moment busily laboring to remove these dark places from the surface of our knowledge; and deserves to be encouraged, not only because of what it has done, but on account of what it is striving and undertaking hereafter to accomplish. How little hitherto agricultural bodies have for their part done to secure the aids of science almost every farmer can tell;—while to reproach science that, amid all discouragements, it has not done more for a too thankless class, is not the most likely way of ensuring its more zealous services for the future.

To return, then, to the point from which we started. Many persons are apprehensive of injury to the husbandry of the country, in consequence of the abolition of our corn laws; and are asking by what substitute the prosperity of agriculture is to be sustained. We have said that more knowledge, especially of elementary science, is one of the ways by which this end is to be attained. But how, it is replied, will the possession of such knowledge aid us? The rejoinder to this is simple. It will enable us, either as individuals or as a nation, to beat in the race all other individuals or nations who, placed in similar circumstances with ourselves, possess a less degree of knowledge. Nay more—arm all parties alike with the whole knowledge of the day, and we still believe that our native energy will bring us through. We may possibly be left to depend on our home productions—or we may be called on to compete with the productions of the world. In the one case, we shall be able to maintain our whole population more easily and with cheaper corn; in the other, we shall be more likely to triumph in the fight, even over countries more favored by nature than ourselves.

There is, perhaps, a stronger argument still for our encouragement of the application of science. It is this. If we allow other nations to add the advantage of higher knowledge to their more favored natural circumstances, the decline of our agricultural prosperity must then become almost certain. Above all other countries, the United States of America and our own colonies—born of the same blood, and inspired with the greater ardor of young nations—are most to be feared by our home farmers. They are rapidly advancing in knowledge, and are eagerly seeking it from

every quarter; and if, while they enjoy so many other advantages, they can raise themselves even to an equality in agricultural skill and resource with ourselves—what will be the result to Great Britain it is not difficult to conjecture.

The eighth section of Count Strzelecki's "Physical Description of New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land" is a striking exposition of what is doing in those two countries for the improvement of their agriculture, and of the skill and energy which we may expect to see developed in our other colonies. As regards the United States, we may add another observation. The desire of their several governments to promote the applications of science to agriculture has been shown by the numerous surveys they have lately caused to be made, and by the reports—similar to that of Dr. Jackson, the title of which we have placed at the head of this article—which have been printed and circulated at the public expense. The anxiety of individuals also to obtain further information, and their estimation of its money value, may be judged of from the recent visit of Mr. Colman to this country. This gentleman was, in a certain sense, commissioned by his countrymen to inspect and report upon British agriculture; inasmuch as, before he embarked for England, he had already received upwards of three thousand subscribers for his intended work. His published volumes on British Agriculture are full of kindly and benevolent feeling. From being written for the most part while in England, and published piecemeal, they are somewhat sketchy and unmethodical, and, in this respect, suffer by comparison with the smaller and more condensed work of Von Weckherlin*, Director of the Agricultural School at Hohenheim, in Wurtemberg; yet they contain an outline of what was attracting most attention among us during the period of his visit, and can scarcely fail to be productive of good.

In respect to this visit of inquiry, also, we may remark that the welcome reception and ready communications on all subjects which Mr. Colman everywhere experienced among us—as is shown by his published letters—are not only gratifying to ourselves, as they must have been to himself, but will prove, we trust, to our kindred on the other side of the Atlantic that we are still influenced by the old adage, that "blood is thicker than water." Let such of them as doubt this come among us with open hearts, and try.

To return from this brief digression, we would say that here, as in America and elsewhere, to avail ourselves of all the resources which science has already placed within our easy reach, is not enough. We should also secure its more extended and zealous services for the future. In this way only are the difficulties, from which so much is apprehended, to be overcome. If with little encouragement, science has already, in so many ways, promoted the interests of agriculture,

* Ueber Englische Landwirtschaft, und deren Anwendung auf Landwirthschaftliche Verhältnisse insbesondere Deutschlands. Stuttgart: 1845.

what, as hopeful men, may we not expect from it when it is really stimulated to exert itself to the uttermost in our behalf?

In conclusion, while we speak thus of the uses of science, and the services it may be made to render us, we do not hold them up as infallible nostrums for all possible evils. We are not to entertain unfounded expectations from it, as if sudden and great discoveries were to be made on the occurrence of every new emergency. All scientific progress is slow, but it is also sure, and its benefits are lasting. Nor do we recommend the diffusion and enlargement of such knowledge as the only things to be done, or as precluding any other means of improving the prospects of the agriculturist. But they are methods which ought to be tried, and which must and will be tried sooner or later. We had better try them early, in the hope by their means of *maintaining* our existing position. It will be harder work to employ them hereafter, in the attempt to *regain* a position which we may then have lost.

From the National Era.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

THE south land has its fields of cane,
The prairie boasts its heavy grain,
And sunset's radiant gates unfold
On rising marts and sands of gold.

Rough, bleak and cold, our little state
Is hard of soil, of limits straight;
Her yellow sands are sands alone,
Her only mines are ice and stone!

From autumn frost to April rain,
Too long her winter woods complain;
From budding flower to falling leaf,
Her summer time is all too brief.

But on her rocks and on her sands
And stormy hills the school-house stands,
And what her rugged soil denies,
The harvest of the mind supplies.

The treasures of our commonwealth
Are free, strong minds, and hearts of health,
And more to her than gold or grain,
The cunning hand and cultured brain!

For well she keeps her ancient stock—
The stubborn strength of Pilgrim Rock;
And still maintains, with milder laws
And clearer light the good old cause!

Nor dreads the sceptic's puny hands,
While near her school the church-spire stands;
Nor fears the blinded bigot's rule,
While near her church-spire stands a school.

NEW BOOKS.

MESSRS. Ticknor, Reed & Fields have sent us a copy of the second edition, revised and enlarged, of *ANGEL VOICES: or Words of Counsel for overcoming the World*. After the mode of Richter's "Best Hours." We have looked far enough into this to think it a sweet little book. There may be some good lines left out of it, but so far as we have read we like very much what is here. We take the

opportunity of copying a favorite poem by the Rev.
Ralph Hoyt.

OLD.

By the wayside, on a mossy stone,
Sat a hoary pilgrim sadly musing;
Oft I marked him sitting there alone,
All the landscape like a page perusing;
Poor, unknown—
By the wayside on a mossy stone.
Buckled knee and shoe, and broad-rimmed hat,
Coat as ancient as the form 't was folding,
Silver buttons, queue, and crimped cravat,
Oaken staff his feeble hand upholding,
There he sat!
Buckled knee and shoe, and broad-rimmed hat.
Seemed it pitiful he should sit there,
No one sympathizing, no one heeding,
None to love him for his thin gray hair
And the furrows all so mutely pleading
Age and care;
Seemed it pitiful he should sit there.
It was summer, and we went to school,
Dapper country lads, and little maidens,
Taught the motto of the "Dunce's stool,"—
Its grave import still my fancy ladens,—
"HERE'S A FOOL!"
It was summer, and we went to school.
When the stranger seemed to mark our play,
Some of us were joyous, some sad-hearted.
I remember well—too well—that day—
Oftimes the tears unbidden started—
Would not stay!
When the stranger seemed to mark our play.
One sweet spirit broke the silent spell—
Ah! to me her name was always heaven!
She besought him all his grief to tell,
(I was then thirteen, and she eleven.)
ISABEL!
One sweet spirit broke the silent spell.
Angel! said he sadly, I am old;
Earthly hope no longer hath a morrow;
Yet why sit I here thou shalt be told;
Then his eye betrayed a pearl of sorrow—
Down it rolled!
Angel! said he sadly, I am old!
I have tottered here to look once more
On the pleasant scene where I delighted
In the careless, happy days of yore,
Ere the garden of my heart was blighted
To the core!
I have tottered here to look once more.
All the picture now to me how dear!
E'en this old gray rock where I am seated
Is a jewel worth my journey here;
Ah! that such a scene must be completed
With a tear!
All the picture now to me so dear!
Old stone school-house—it is still the same!
There's the very step so oft I mounted;
There's the window creaking in its frame,
And the notches that I cut and counted
For the game!
Old stone school-house—it is still the same!
In the cottage yonder I was born:—
Long my happy home that humble dwelling;
There the fields of clover, wheat, and corn,
There the spring with limpid nectar swelling;

Ah, forlorn!

In the cottage yonder I was born.

Those two gateway sycamores you see,
They were planted just so far asunder,
That long well-pole from the path to free,
And the wagon to pass safely under;—
Ninety-three!
Those two gateway sycamores you see.
There's the orchard where we used to climb,
When my mates and I were boys together,
Thinking nothing of the flight of time,
Fearing nought but work and rainy weather;
Past its prime!
There's the orchard where we used to climb.
There the rude, three-cornered chestnut rails,
Round the pasture where the cows were grazing,
Where, so sly, I used to watch for quails
In the crops of buckwheat we were raising—
Traps and trails—
There the rude, three-cornered, chestnut rails.
There's the mill that ground our yellow grain;
Pond and river still serenely flowing;
Cot, there nestling in the shaded lane,
Where the lily of my heart was blowing—
MARY JANE!
There's the mill that ground our yellow grain!
There's the gate on which I used to swing,
Brook, and bridge, and barn, and old red stable
But, alas! no more the morn shall bring
That dear group around my father's table—
Taken wing!
There's the gate on which I used to swing.
I am fleeing—all I loved are fled;
Yon green meadow was our place for playing;
That old tree can tell of sweet things said,
When round it Jane and I were straying:—
She is dead!
I am fleeing—all I loved are fled!
Yon white spire—a pencil on the sky,
Tracing silently life's changeful story—
So familiar with my dim old eye,
Points me to seven that are now in glory
There on high—
Yon white spire—a pencil on the sky.
Oft the aisle of that old church we trod,
Guided thither by an angel mother;
Now she sleeps beneath its sacred sod—
Sire and sister, and my little brother—
Gone to God;
Oft the aisle of that old church we trod.
There my Mary blest me with her hand,
When our souls drank in the nuptial blessing,
Ere we wandered to that distant land—
Now, alas! her gentle bosom pressing;
There I stand—
There my Mary blest me with her hand.
Angel, said he sadly, I am old;
Early life no longer hath a morrow;—
Now why sit I here thou hast been told;—
In his eye another pearl of sorrow;—
Down it rolled,
Angel, said he sadly, I am old.
By the wayside, on a mossy stone,
Sat a hoary pilgrim sadly musing;
Still I marked him sitting there alone,
All the landscape like a page perusing;
Poor, unknown,
By the wayside, on a mossy stone.

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PROSPECTUS.—This work is conducted in the spirit of Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature, (which was favorably received by the public for twenty years,) but as it is twice as large, and appears so often, we not only give spirit and freshness to it by many things which were excluded by a month's delay, but while thus extending our scope and gathering a greater and more attractive variety, are able so to increase the solid and substantial part of our literary, historical, and political harvest, as fully to satisfy the wants of the American reader.

The elaborate and stately Essays of the *Edinburgh Quarterly*, and other Reviews; and *Blackwood's* noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History, and Common Life, by the sagacious *Spectator*, the sparkling *Examiner*, the judicious *Athenæum*, the busy and industrious *Literary Gazette*, the sensible and comprehensive *Britannia*, the sober and respectable *Christian Observer*; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the *United Service*, and with the best articles of the *Dublin University*, *New Monthly*, *Fraser's*, *Tait's*, *Ainsworth's*, *Hood's*, and *Sporting Magazines*, and of *Chambers' admirable Journal*. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from *Punch*; and when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of *The Times*. We shall increase our variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

The steamship has brought Europe, Asia and Africa, into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travellers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; so that much more than ever it

now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries. And this not only because of their nearer connection with ourselves, but because the nations seem to be hastening through a rapid process of change, to some new state of things, which the merely political prophet cannot compute or foresee.

Geographical Discoveries, the progress of Colonization, (which is extending over the whole world,) and Voyages and Travels, will be favorite matter for our selections; and, in general, we shall systematically and very fully acquaint our readers with the great department of Foreign affairs, without entirely neglecting our own.

While we aspire to make the *Living Age* desirable to all who wish to keep themselves informed of the rapid progress of the movement—to Statesmen, Divines, Lawyers, and Physicians—to men of business and men of leisure—it is still a stronger object to make it attractive and useful to their Wives and Children. We believe that we can thus do some good in our day and generation; and hope to make the work indispensable in every well-informed family. We say indispensable, because in this day of cheap literature it is not possible to guard against the influx of what is bad in taste and vicious in morals, in any other way than by furnishing a sufficient supply of a healthy character. The mental and moral appetite must be gratified.

We hope that, by "*winnowing the wheat from the chaff*," by providing abundantly for the imagination, and by a large collection of Biography, Voyages and Travels, History, and more solid matter, we may produce a work which shall be popular, while at the same time it will aspire to raise the standard of public taste.

Agencies.—We are desirous of making arrangements in all parts of North America, for increasing the circulation of this work—and for doing this a liberal commission will be allowed to gentlemen who will interest themselves in the business. And we will gladly correspond on this subject with any agent who will send us undoubted references.

Postage.—When sent with the cover on, the *Living Age* consists of three sheets, and is rated as a pamphlet, at 4 cents. But when sent without the cover, it comes within the definition of a newspaper given in the law, and cannot legally be charged with more than newspaper postage, (1½ cts.) We add the definition alluded to:—

A newspaper is "any printed publication, issued in numbers, consisting of not more than two sheets, and published at short, stated intervals of not more than one month, conveying intelligence of passing events."

Monthly parts.—For such as prefer it in that form, the *Living Age* is put up in monthly parts, containing four or five weekly numbers. In this shape it shows to great advantage in comparison with other works, containing in each part double the matter of any of the quarterlies. But we recommend the weekly numbers, as fresher and fuller of life. Postage on the monthly parts is about 14 cents. The volumes are published quarterly, each volume containing as much matter as a quarterly review gives in eighteen months.

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WASHINGTON, 27 DEC., 1845.

J. Q. ADAMS.